

Sports Illustrated

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SILVER ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



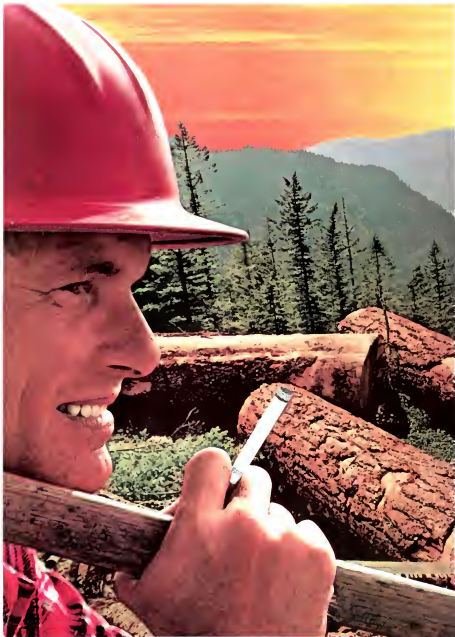


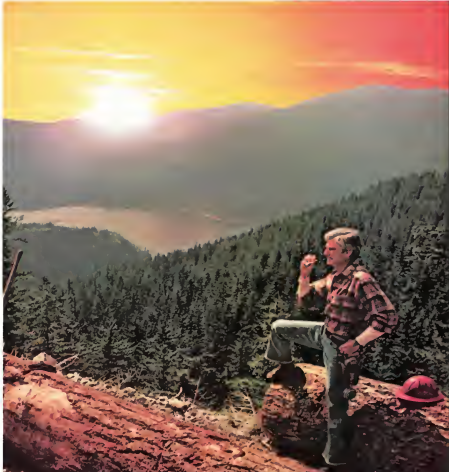
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This is the 25th anniversary of our first issue, but not the first time that this space has been used to call attention to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's longevity. That occurred in February of 1955, when we reached our sixth-month milestone. We didn't dare wait an entire year; in our infancy it was reassuring to proclaim our existence, inasmuch as the smart money in the publishing industry insisted that a weekly sports magazine could not survive. This opinion was somewhat borne out by the fact that SI lost \$6 million in 1954.

Nearly a decade went by before SI broke into the black. During the lean times one thing saved us: the loyalty of our readers. At SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's financial nadir, when advertising was skimpy—the first ad director quit to become a Methodist minister—our readers kept the faith, renewing their subscriptions at a reassuring rate. Obviously the public wanted a comprehensive and literate sports weekly, but various shibboleths persisted: that sports fans weren't upwardly mobile, that they would not appreciate quality sports writing and that sports had only limited and parochial appeal—there might be football fans and golf fans and track fans, but who would be interested in a sports magazine of broad national appeal?

Well, in its 25 years SI's circulation has increased fivefold from 450,000 to 2,250,000. It might be said that the interest in and reach of sports in America have increased by about the same degree. Ray Kennedy's retrospective article beginning on page 52 so attests.



THE BRAVES' EDDIE MATHESW—AND SI—COME TO BAT

We believe we have been a major influence in creating a sense of American sport, and in raising the level of the quality of sports writing. Moreover, SI has influenced how sports are covered. We obliged fans, the daily press and the networks to consider sports from a national point of view—and as a continuous endeavor. It might seem startling now, but the single most telling negative argument made at Time Inc. against launching a sports magazine was that there would be nothing important to write about from the bowl games on Jan. 1 until the baseball season opened 3½ months later. By the same token, perhaps the wisest decision never made was to turn SPORTS ILLUSTRATED into a fortnightly or monthly. There was much talk to that effect when the mag-

azine was struggling, but Henry Luce, Time Inc.'s co-founder and longtime editor-in-chief (who was no great sports fan), firmly opposed such a change "because sports occur on a weekly basis" and no sports periodical could expect to be successful unless it could be current.

What the magazine was in the early years is still a subject of debate. If it is true that we heeded the naysayers and tried to be all things to all men on Madison Avenue—a fashion magazine, a food magazine, a travel magazine and a trendy magazine as well as a sports magazine—where did all those readers come from? Although SI had always covered hard sports thoroughly, that fact was obscured by a widespread belief that it was obsessed with the chic and the exotic. When Andre Laguerre became managing editor in 1960, he observed, "Sometimes we outgeneral ourselves as if to conceal the fact that we are a sports magazine in the first place."

As SI became more cohesive (and less exotic), it prospered. Today it stands fourth among all U.S. magazines in advertising revenue. But neither Laguerre nor his successors Roy Terrell and Gilbert Rogin accepted the notion that it should deny its pages to all but hard sports.

We consider the environment, recreation, travel, sedentary games, fashion, new sports-and-games-related products, books, the electronic media and movies to be within our purview—and we still get complaints from a few readers that those ain't sweat-and-muscle pursuits. Every year one of our best-selling issues at the newsstands and the one that generates the most reader response is the swimsuit number. Chances are, we'll keep publishing it. Nobody's perfect.

In a more serious vein, we have published special series that seemed to us to be models of their kind—on the squalid side of boxing, the black athlete, women in sport, television's mushrooming presence, money in sport, violence in football. The magazine's overall design, conceived by Art Director Dick Gangel, has also set journalistic standards.

Because we have been around this long, only the few remaining staffers who have been on board for the whole trip can recall the clannishness and *esprit* that marked the early days. Nine on the staff today—William Bernstein, Arthur Brawley, Robert Creamer, Betty DeMoester, Harvey Grut, Mervin Hyman, Virginia Kraft, Eleonore Milosovic and Cokes Phinizy—helped put out Vol. I, No. 1.

It was not just alien experts who, early on, held no brief for a sports weekly. The new magazine was often disparaged within Time Inc.—Muscles it was called, with no affection—and for the employees obliged to move from the affluence and security of TIME or LIFE to the spartan Muscles environs, it was like being ordered from the cathedral to mission work. Ralph Graves, Time Inc.'s editorial director, recalls ruefully that he was sure no magazine with such an attenuated name could possibly survive, not in the snappy world of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE. He just as ruefully admits he didn't reckon with the even snappier SI.

The real pioneers "came downstairs with Sid," Sidney L. James, the first managing editor, having led a redoubtable band from the 33rd floor of the old Time & Life Building in New York's Rockefeller Center to the 17th and then to the fourth floor. Associate Art Director Grut is the most senior remaining staffer, having begun work for Muscles on Aug. 15, 1953.

The original concept was that about 75% of SI's contents would come from outside contributors. Quickly this was found to be undesirable; the reverse is now true. SI is mostly staff-written. It was also hoped that the magazine could be named Sport, but that title was held by Macfadden Publications. They wanted \$250,000 for it; Luce offered \$200,000. He bought the title SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for \$5,000, plus a lifetime subscription to the new publication, from the man who held the rights to a defunct monthly so named.

Jim Murray, the renowned sports columnist for the Los

Angeles Times, was a prepublication staffer. Another was a young author who came a cropper trying to write a caption about a horse jumping over a fence. He could not satisfy the editors and finally just upped and quit, leaving in his typewriter the desperate words, "The ——— horse jumped over the ——— fence." That was Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

The fledgling staff persevered, and the inaugural issue, dated Aug. 16, 1954, featured a cover shot taken at Milwaukee County Stadium with Eddie Mathews at bat and Wes Westrum catching. Augie Donatelli was the ump. (Westrum and Mathews are now scouts for Atlanta and Texas, respectively; Donatelli is retired and lives in St. Petersburg, Fla.). The lead story by Paul O'Neil was about Roger Bannister (who was to be our first Sportsman of the Year) whipping John Landy in the first race of four-minute milers. A copy of the issue in good condition is now worth \$25.

In the 1,284 issues since then, Muhammad Ali has been on the cover most often, 25 times, beginning in 1963. Jack Nicklaus is next with 18 covers, followed by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar with 15, Arnold Palmer with 14, Bill Walton with 13 and Sonny Liston with nine.

Our readers take an unusual amount of interest in the covers because the subjects are supposed to be jinxed. Swimmer Shirley Babashoff got cold feet and hid in the ladies' room when she was supposed to pose in 1976. She was cajoled out by a persuasive female staff member, and pose she did, when reminded that Mark Spitz had been a cover subject one Olympics earlier and had won seven gold medals, Babashoff won a relay gold and four silver medals at Montreal, a performance not quite up to what she had anticipated, but certainly no disaster. The argument that a jinx exists naturally includes, as an example, a football cover, in our fourth autumn, with the billing: WHY OKLAHOMA IS UNBEATABLE. Notre Dame defeated the Sooners that week on national TV. Nobody's perfect. Not even Ali, our champion cover subject. After all, he lost three of 59 fights.

On Thursday night in Milwaukee, Mathews (who went on to the Hall of Fame despite first-coverdom), Westrum and Donatelli reassemble to have the inaugural cover shot again. And we'll be lifting a glass to you, the reader, for making this quarter century and that reunion possible.





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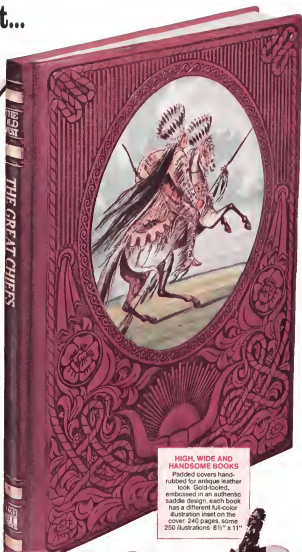
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Cassidy, Billy the Kid, lawmen
like the deadly sheriff of Dodge
City, Bat Masterson.

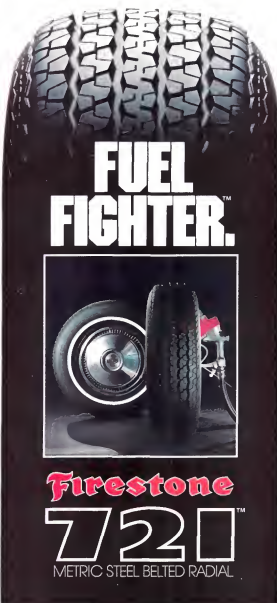


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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARLEY

WITH GRACE AND RUEFUL WIT A DETROIT
FAN RECOUNTS A YEAR OF THE TIGERS

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of reviewing books for a living is the occasional volume that comes in without a single blast of publicity yet announces its own merit when you turn to the first page. The joy of discovery is not to be sniffed at, lately I have been feeling particularly joyful because of a little book called *Don't Let Baseball Die*, by Art Hill.

It's about as unprepossessing a volume as one could find. Its paperback jacket is uninviting, its typography is very ordinary and error-filled, and its publisher is obscure—Avery Color Studios, from which you can order a copy for \$4.95 by writing to Box 95, Au Train, Mich. 49806. But there's a silk purse in that sow's ear: *Don't Let Baseball Die* is a genuine original, a book that will give any reader who cares about baseball and good prose a full measure of surprise and delight.

Art Hill has been a Detroit Tiger fan for half a century, and that's about all we're told about him. It's enough, for what he has written is a fan's journal, an account of the Tigers' 1978 season as perceived from the stands, radio and television broadcasts and newspaper reports. It begins in late February of last year, with the arrival of the Detroit pitchers as spring training, and ends in November, at the beginning of yet another winter of rueful memories of the season past and extravagant hopes for the season ahead. In between, Hill ventures wherever his fancy takes him, but always with baseball at center stage.

The journal is published as written, Hill tells us, with each day's musings and commentaries unvarnished by hindsight. Thus it has immediacy, freshness and candor, and the reader lives through the season's ups and downs just as Hill did. "I want to write a book about one baseball season from the viewpoint of the average fan," he says at the outset, but Hill is "average" only in his enthusiasm for his team. It is precisely because he is unusually intelligent, knowledgeable, witty and trenchant that his journal rises well above mere grandstand chatter.

To begin with, Hill is heartily irreverent. The title of his book, for example, is not the maulin wail it seems to be but a wry bow in the direction of the late Bill Stern, the radio broadcaster who each week gave his listeners an entirely fanciful but invariably "inspirational" sports tale. In one of these, Hill recalls, Stern advised his breathless audience

continued



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BOOKTALK continued

that Abraham Lincoln, "on his deathbed, painfully whispered to General Abner Doubleday, 'Don't let baseball die.'" Hill has this comment:

"If Lincoln had spoken at all after being shot, it seems more likely that he would have said, 'Don't let me die.' But perhaps the most intriguing aspect of this fable is that, if it had happened, the general's response would doubtless have been, 'Why me?' (Or, conceivably, 'What's baseball?') Abner Doubleday died in 1893 without ever learning that he was the inventor of baseball, since that fiction—fully as fantastic as most of Stern's—wasn't fabricated until many years later."

That's the way Hill's mind works. Any stray thought that crosses it works its way into the journal, and his stray thoughts are first-rate. He quarrels with Gore Vidal about baseball and boredom, he takes various sportswriters and broadcasters to task for execrable grammar, he dawdles lovingly over the most arcane statistics, and he essays solutions to baseball mysteries. For example: "Have you ever wondered how Graig Nettles got his unusual name? My theory is that his father wanted to name him Greg and his mother preferred Craig. So they compromised. Probably better than Creg, at that."

As a die-hard fan, Hill readily confesses to all the weaknesses of the breed. To wit: "I am terribly superstitious about baseball, while scoring superstition in other areas as childish nonsense. I always feel that my relation to a given game somehow has an effect on the outcome. If I turn on a game broadcast in the seventh inning to discover the Tigers leading by four runs, and the other team promptly scores five, I find myself wondering if it was my fault."

I know just what he means. The other day I was watching an Orioles game in the kitchen while polishing some brass. When I finished I could have moved the TV set into the living room, but did not do so for fear the Orioles would lose their narrow lead as a result.)

Hill isn't hesitant about speaking his mind. What he detests most is "dumb baseball," and he wallops the Tigers mightily for careless play. He is particularly hard on Ralph Houk, who was in his final season as manager last year. Hill says of Houk, "He has taken a team with great apparent potential and gotten the worst out of it."

You can agree or disagree with Hill—most of the time I agree—but you can't ignore him. If I were attending a game in Detroit, I'd just ask the man in the ticket office to give me a seat next to Art Hill; the talk would probably be better than the baseball. In lieu of that, *Don't Let Baseball Die* is an eminently satisfactory companion, as I think all readers will agree. **END**

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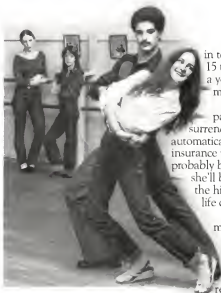
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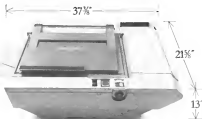
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VIEWPOINT

by MYRA GELBLAND

THE HIGH SCHOOL GYM SUIT, SAYS THIS FORMER WEARER, SIMPLY DIDN'T SUIT

Recently I learned that the city of Baltimore had voted to abandon the female gym suit. For years, it seems, the girls had been wearing white \$5 T-shirts and shorts for physical education, while the girls were required to buy \$8 one-piece blue gym suits. In these days of Title IX, such unequal spending is unacceptable, so from now on it will be T-shirts and shorts for all. It took a man named Fred Appleby, an official with the Baltimore school system, a year of study with a committee to recommend the change, and after he did he said, "It's a good thing, because the girls really hate the old uniforms."

Of course the girls hate them, Mr. Appleby, they always have. Although I've been out of Belpoint (N.Y.) High School for a dozen years, and it's been a long time since I've given much thought to my old gym suit, the school official's remark got me reminiscing. My suit, like the abandoned Baltimore mod-

el, was one-piece, dark blue with puffy, bloomer-type pantaloons. There were snaps up the front and a belt with a sawtooth metal buckle sewn on the back. Only one local store sold the gym suit, and when you purchased it, the store would stitch your last name on the back in a contrasting color. That was supposed to help the gym teacher identify students during class and to discourage theft.

Not many girls looked even passably attractive in this outfit, and most would've done just about anything to avoid being seen by boys while dressed in it. The boys, meanwhile, wore navy-blue T-shirts and shorts for gym, very nice, very neat, very practical.

I hadn't had that gym suit very long when I joined the Cadet Leaders Club. I only vaguely recall what it was that Cadet Leaders did, but CLC members wore a different, more flattering gym suit. This alone was enough incentive for trying to get into the club.

That same year, 1963, half of Belpoint High burned down. When things returned to normal, the school decided to replace the ugly blue gym suit. The flames had consumed the girls' gymnasium and almost all the gym suits. I say almost all because I had been in gym when the fire alarm sounded and had quickly exited the building, saving, along with my-

self, a basketball and my gym suit, which I was wearing at the time.

A committee of junior and senior girls was formed to select a new style. They chose a white one-piece affair with snaps up the front, pleated sleeves and cuffed shorts. It was different, but hardly an improvement.

Part of our phys-ed grade was based on having a cleaned and pressed gym suit at the beginning of every week. On Sunday evening I would have to iron that wrinkled mass of snaps, cuffs, elastic and pleats. It would take the entire *Ed Sullivan Show* for me to finish. My sister Barbara never ironed hers. Rather, she would spread the clean suit carefully on the box spring of her bed, then lay the mattress on top and sleep on it overnight. Ingenious—and it worked.

I had four different gym suits in high school, but I cannot remember what I did with any of them. It may be a mental block. Gym was one of my favorite classes, but I always felt and looked silly wearing a gym suit.

And so, though I applaud the bold action of Mr. Appleby and the Baltimore School Board, I can't help thinking it's long overdue. They should have phased out the ugly, baggy gym suit when *The Ed Sullivan Show* was cancelled.

END

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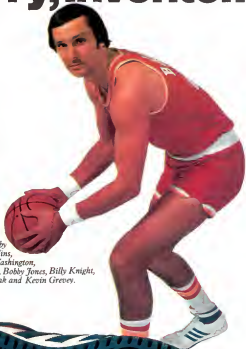
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Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE AT THE GAMES MUSEUM, BUT WHY YOU PLAY

It's your move. Follow these directions and you will win one of the richest treasures in gamelands. From Toronto take 401 West. Pass Cambridge. When you are greeted by a three-toed gargoyle, head west on Highway 3 toward Waterloo, Ontario. Soon the road widens. Ignore all blunders from headless centaurs and keep following the Waterloo signs. Exit at University Ave. West and make a right turn onto Phillips St. Wave to the drooling elves. On the second block pull in at building 415.

Congratulations! You have found the gold mine: the University of Waterloo's recreation department, which houses the world's only Museum and Archive of Games. The museum contains more than 400 games and 1,000-plus documents, graphics and artifacts and it is open from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays and by appointment evenings and weekends.

It's well worth the visit. You will discover, among other things, bone games. In a pile of mixed seal and bird remains, a crafty Eskimo player would discern the seal bones and re-construct them into a flipper. The museum also has examples of ancient diversions, one a Japanese drinking game with hand-painted glasses, as well as numerous modern games, including some in braille.

The computer section is no less fascinating. Here you can try your hand at 50 electronic contests from darts to Adventure—the latter an arcane journey in which the player travels through stream and forest, gets chased by dwarfs and if, while searching for clues, he types "abracadabra" into the machine, it will chide: "Good try, but that is an old, worn-out magic word."

The museum also has extensive archives. These house books, articles, pictures and slides—not just about games but about game-playing in related areas (recreation, education, warfare, conservation and business)—all indexed in a computerized information-retrieval system. Except for those documents under chimeric control, everything is available to the public.

Spend a few hours in Waterloo and you will find yourself pondering more than just games—you will be contemplating history, religion, sociology, psychology. All the more so if you visit with museum curator Elliott Avedon, a 49-year-old professor of recreation who created the museum in 1972.

"I define 'games' as two or more forces in opposition resulting in a disequilibrium outcome," says the professorial Avedon. "It

doesn't have to be two people. It can be a person against another person, a machine, nature, or himself.

"Games involve three elements—strategy, chance and dexterity. You manipulate the equation in playing. For instance, while kids often play Parcheesi as a chance game, adults use considerable strategy in blocking and doubling.

"We started playing games because we suffer from a stimulus hunger. A guy in a cave with nothing else to do may have grabbed a skull by the eye sockets and rolled it toward a pile of bones. We play games together because we're innately gregarious.

"Games are simulations. We get our cards from medieval society. Clubs are peasants, diamonds merchants, hearts clergy and spades nobility. Many games have religious beginnings. In the Middle Ages tug-of-war began as an interplay of good and evil. The earliest known hopscotch diagram was found in the Forum. It was a pagan rite. The Catholic Church made it into a journey to Heaven. The top was spun on Shrove Tuesday before Easter and put away until the next year. That's how we get the expression 'sleeping like a top.' The Puritans tolerated only those games that gave religious instruction. Drama and dance were religious festivals.

"Other games simulate war. Checkmate comes from the Persian Shah-mat, kill the king. Chess dates from 6th or 7th century India, but it spread around the world and sometimes got changed and renamed—Shogi in Japan, Hsuing-ch'i in China. There is no queen piece in Japan because women had no official place in the shogunate. In China and Japan, when you take a piece it joins your side instead of being destroyed. The knight is the only universal piece; it can jump because it's on horseback. The rook represents artillery; difficult to pull, it can only go in straight lines. Pawns are soldiers. The bishop cuts diagonally through all levels of society. All war games developed from the patterns of chess.

"A third class of games are those of position and alignment. Tackletack is one. They too reflect society. In 16th century Japan people who reached higher levels in these games got higher positions in the social order.

"Scrabble and crosswords are modern games because they reflect a love of language instead of symbols. We have one modern game in which public and private health services compete (Medagame), and another in which developers, civil servants, special-interest groups and public-spirited citizens battle over property (Eden Express). Computers will add another dimension, one more complicated than anything to date. Using cable TV and computers, we may be able to play games crosscountry on a snowy night. Teachers are using games. Businessmen once took coffee breaks. Now they take game breaks."

Avedon was just getting started. Want to meet him? The next move is yours. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

FAREWELL, NO. 15

Last Wednesday night Thurman Munson was the only starter in the New York Yankee lineup who failed to get a hit in a 9-1 rout of the Chicago White Sox. But then, nothing much was needed of the Yankee captain. In pressure games, Munson had come through often enough. A clutch player in the best Yankee tradition, he was Rookie of the Year in 1970, the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1976 and a six-time All-Star catcher. Significantly, he exceeded his lifetime regular-season average of .292 by hitting .339 in American League playoffs and .373 in World Series competition.

Like Lou Gehrig, the Yankees' only previous captain, Munson was fated to die young. On the day after they walloped the White Sox, the Yankees had no game scheduled, and Munson spent the afternoon practicing takeoffs and landings in his brand-new Cessna Citation near his hometown of Canton, Ohio. Apparently losing power on its last descent, the jet crashed short of an airport runway. Two passengers survived but Munson died almost immediately. He was 32.

Munson was a private man in a public profession. An enormous pride drove him; a fragile ego demanded recognition. When a rival catcher like Boston's Carlton Fisk or a teammate like Reggie Jackson was said to outperform him, or when a sportswriter or opposing manager like Sparky Anderson ventured even the mildest criticism, he could be angry, rude and combative. Munson worked hard, got dirty and ignored pain. But tough



as he was, he also seemed oddly vulnerable. He was better at seeking glory than at enjoying it. He never seemed comfortable with the celebrity he attained.

Ovations do not usually occur at such moments, but after New York's Cardinal Cooke offered a brief prayer for Munson during a memorial ceremony at Yankee Stadium Friday night, the crowd of 51,151 cheered lustily. Eight Yankees were on the field at the time, but until the game against Baltimore began a few minutes later, the catcher's box was intentionally left empty in tribute to him. In another tribute, his uniform bearing the familiar No. 15 was hanging neatly in place in his locker.

Munson was a bit of a curmudgeon, but no one played the game harder, and beneath the welts and the scars from the foul tips and the collisions at the plate was a well-hidden vein of sensitivity. Consider the night in Detroit when the Tigers' Ron LeFlore came up against the Yankees with a 30-game hitting streak going. Munson called breaking stuff, and Yankee pitchers retired LeFlore three straight times. In the eighth inning, with the Yankees ahead 9-5 and an 0-2 count on LeFlore, Munson suddenly signaled for a fastball. LeFlore must have been surprised, because he took Tippy Martinez' pitch for a called third strike. The streak was over. Afterward Munson reluctantly admitted to St. Larry Keith that he had called for a pitch he felt might be more to LeFlore's liking to give him one last chance at keeping the streak alive.

SPECIAL

The fifth International Special Olympics will be held this week in Brockport, N.Y., with 3,500 mentally retarded athletes from the U.S. and 30 other countries expected to participate. The Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation is staging the five-day event, and ABC-TV plans to tape some of the action for showing on Wide World of Sports on Sept. 1. In the glitzy, commercial world of televised sport, competition involving the retarded is highly unusual fare.

It may also be highly instructive. Many big names in sports assist the Kennedy Foundation in its commendable work

with the retarded, including Notre Dame basketball Coach Digger Phelps, who uses a standard line when Irish players gripe about problems at practice or in the classroom. "You think you've got trouble, you should go see the kids at the Logan Center," Phelps tells them, referring to a South Bend facility for the handicapped.

But the Special Olympics offer more than just a reminder to count one's blessings. The event provides competition in 14 sports, and many of the mildly retarded participants are talented. The severely retarded are usually less skilled, but they frequently exhibit a sense of joy

too often lacking in big-time sport. In the Special Olympics, cheating is virtually unknown, nobody plays out his option, and if somebody falls during a race, his competitors can usually be counted on to stop and lend a hand.

There's no need to wait for the Nielsen's on this one: for presenting the International Special Olympics, ABC-TV rates high.

THE HAWTHORNE EFFECT

Baseball teams are sometimes accused of being too quick to fire their managers. In fact, if the recent experience of the Cleveland Indians means anything, they

continued

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SCORECARD continued

may be too slow to do so. After Frank Robinson was sacked as manager in 1977, the Indians won their first seven games under his successor, Jeff Torborg. Things eventually soured for Torborg, and two weeks ago he was replaced as manager by Dave Garcia. The Indians promptly won 10 straight games.

One possible explanation for the Indians' dramatic postfiring turnarounds can be found in experiments conducted in the late 1920s and early '30s with a group of women employees at the Hawthorne plant of the Western Electric Company in Cicero, Ill. Researchers kept altering the women's working conditions and found that regardless of the nature of the changes, their productivity seemed to increase. The simplified conclusion was that the very act of their being singled out for special treatment was psychologically beneficial—in other words, that change for change's sake is often a good thing.

Garcia had better watch out. Last Wednesday Cleveland's win streak was snapped in a 7-4 loss to Boston. If the Indians take to heart what has come to be known in industrial relations as "the Hawthorne effect," it may soon be time for another change of managers.

A BLUNDER IN BRONZE

The International Olympic Committee keeps promising to curb what it calls the "gigantism" of the summer Olympics, but its efforts have so far been meager. Before the 1976 Games, the IOC eliminated three swimming events, an anti-gigantism move that had this unremarkable result: the number of participants in swimming declined from 551 at the 1972 Games to exactly 547 in Montreal. That fueled suspicions of U.S. officials that swimming had been singled out for a reduction of events only because this was a sport in which Americans traditionally did well.

Now the IOC is making matters worse. Under pressure from the International Swimming Federation (FINA), the IOC executive board recently recommended that the three scrapped events (men's and women's 200 individual medley and men's 400 freestyle relay) be reinstated—but only on condition that the number of entrants allowed each country in any individual event be reduced from three to two. FINA balked and is supposed to meet soon with the IOC's program commission in an effort to resolve their dif-

continued



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SCORECARD CONTINUED

ferences. Robert Helmick, a Des Moines lawyer and FINA's secretary, complains, "The IOC is trying to make us choose between two alternatives, both of which lower the quality of competition."

FINA is justified in resisting the IOC. In Montreal a single country swept all three medals in six swimming events—the U.S. in four events and the Soviet Union and East Germany in one each. Had a two-entrant-per-event limitation been in effect, the world's third best swimmer in each of those events would have been deprived of a deserved bronze medal.

To reduce the size of its swimming program, the IOC could reduce the overall number of competitors allowed each country, which would deny the U.S. and other powers the luxury of relay alternates and the like. It could also tighten up qualifying-time standards, thereby eliminating swimmers who realistically have no chance of winning medals. A country is permitted up to three entrants in every event at the Olympics in track and field. Swimming deserves no less.

NEW CHARGES, OLD FRIENDSHIPS

Authorities investigating Connecticut's mounting jai alai scandal (SI, June 11, et seq.) say they plan to look into questionable activities at all three of the state's frontons. For now, however, the probe at the one in Milford is keeping them so busy that Hartford and Bridgeport will have to wait. In June officials charged three gamblers and a player with rigging and conspiring to rig games in 1977 at Milford. Last week warrants were issued for the arrest of six other persons on charges rising out of suspected fixes at Milford. A source close to the investigation says, "We haven't even scratched the surface."

Those charged last week included four players, three of whom, known on the courts as Garcia, Irondo and Arana, were accused of perjury, the fourth, known as Kirby, was accused of rigging and conspiring to rig games. The others charged were Floridians David Herman, accused of perjury, and Robert Moore, accused of rigging and conspiring to rig games.

Herman, a principal member of a gambling ring called the Miami Syndicate, is known to have spent 10 days recently betting at the fronton in Newport, R.I., whose operations have been the subject of a state inquiry. The latest crackdown

in Connecticut prompted pledges by Rhode Island authorities to step up their investigation. The gathering cloud over the nation's jai alai industry hadn't prevented the state Racing and Athletics Commission from deciding last month to extend the Newport fronton's season by six weeks. "The fronton operator and state both can use the additional revenue," explained commission chairman Kevin Coleman, but Robert Gentile, a commission counsel, admitted that the extension was "a calculated risk."

The latest Connecticut arrests again focus attention on jai alai in Florida, where Herman's betting syndicate has been active. The players charged last week regularly competed at the fronton in Dania, which is owned by the company that owns the one in Milford. Moore operates an amateur fronton in Miami. While Connecticut presses ahead, Florida officials seem loath to disturb the state's lucrative jai alai industry. Governor Robert Graham recently assured the state's worried fronton officials that "Florida's Division of Pari-Mutuel Wagering is going to renew their friendship with the pari-mutuel industry." That was an obvious slap at Leigh Somers, chief investigator for the division, who had vainly proposed that a grand jury look into possible irregularities at the state's 10 frontons. Last week Somers quit his job in frustration. He charged that state authorities had systematically reduced his investigatory powers, making him feel "like a tree being chopped away limb by limb."

ACADEMIC EXPULSION

The official NCAA line that college athletes are also students apparently isn't being bought by the University of Arizona's equipment managers. They recently put up a sign in a locker room reading, OUT LIMITS TO ALL STUDENTS AND VISITORS FOR VARSITY ATHLETES ONLY.

THEY SAID IT

- Jimmy Gabriel, coach of the Seattle Sounders, complaining about the officiating in the NASL: "If you painted our soccer balls orange and threw one to a linesman, he'd probably try to peel it."
- Jeanette Spiess, to her son Gerry, following his 54-day solo crossing of the Atlantic in his 10-foot sailboat *Yankee Girl*: "Your housekeeping looks superb. The boat looks clean and tidy. You must have had a nice trip."

END

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But when you can get that improved mileage in our most beautifully styled Grand LeMans Safari ever...well, that's really good news.

Maybe that's why Jack Nicklaus, Sports Illustrated Magazine's Sportsman of the Year, picked the 1979 Grand LeMans Safari as his choice for Wagon of the Year.

Quite an honor. But Grand LeMans Safari earns it. With clean, crisp lines. A bold new grille. And beautiful standards like simulated woodgrain siding. Thick carpeting. Added sound insulation. Plus a smooth radial-tuned ride you might never have expected from a wagon.

It's Pontiac's most beautifully styled Grand LeMans Safari ever. Make it your Wagon of the Year.

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THE 1979 PONTIACS  OUR BEST GET BETTER

AN ONGOING EPIC

If Homer had been interested in homers and like exploits, he would have found fit subjects for his hexameters in the Baltimore Orioles, Earl Weaver's unsung heroes who have the best record in the majors **by E. M. SWIFT**



The time has come for the Baltimore Orioles to emerge from the short but all-encompassing shadow of their Napoleonic field general, Earl Weaver. Introducing the best team in baseball: Ken Singleton, take a bow. Eddie Murray doff your cap. A few words please, Al Bumbry. Mike Flanagan . . . by the way, which one of you guys is Flanagan? You're who? Scott McGregor? Close enough. Stand

over there with Tippy Martinez. All right then, Dennis Martinez. Where's Stackhouse? Oh, it's Stanhouse? Picky-picky. Big smile now, all you pitchers. Everyone say "pennant."

Forget the Yankees. Forget the Red Sox. Forget the Astros and Pirates and Reds. The collection of no-names from Baltimore will be the team to beat in October. Forget the free agents the Orioles

lost, and the ghosts of Frank, Brooks and Boog. Take this team as it is. Do not delude yourselves that the Orioles have the best record in baseball and lead the American League East by six games only because the manager has no peer between the ears. A diamond Clausewitz Earl Weaver may be, but he is damn poor at knocking in runners from second. Most of his players happen to be

continued

Coach Ray Miller (left) Ken Singleton and Dennis Martinez welcome the star of the evening, John Lowenstein, after his home run that beat the Yankees



quite good at it—especially in the late innings. "The ballplayers make the manager," says the Martinez called Tuppy, a left-handed relief pitcher who is so important to the team's success. "Sometimes you get a little irritated when he gets all the publicity, but there's not much you can do." Adds Flanagan, an engaging 27-year-old southpaw whose 14-6 record makes him the best starter on the best pitching staff in the American League: "We kind of laugh every time we see Weaver on the cover of a magazine. 'Oh, he's there again?' But it doesn't bother us. We've got very small egos on this team."

Very small egos can be a sign of very little talent. In Baltimore's case, they are the sign of a very good attitude. "There's a compatibility on this club that wasn't on my others," says John Lowenstein, a part-time outfielder with 11 home runs who came to Baltimore by way of Texas and Cleveland. "I thought Texas had a super club last year, but we couldn't maintain a positive attitude for more than a month. It's very easy to lose and very hard to win. Winning is a very exclusive class."

If they continue at their current pace, the Orioles will win their way into an exclusive class indeed. Their 74-35 record

BEST RECORDS AS OF AUG. 5 (1954-79)

Baltimore has fended every five teams since the Orioles came to town in 1954, but this year's is one of the best ever. If precedent and percentage hold up, the Orioles will be in the World Series in October

YEAR	PERCENTAGE	STANDING	FINISH	POSTSEASON CHAMPIONSHIPS
1969	.685 (74-34)	1st (by 14 games)	1st (by 19 games)	Pennant
1979	.679 (74-35)	1st (by 7 games)	"	"
1966	.647 (70-38)	1st (by 11 games)	1st (by 9 games)	World Series
1970	.635 (68-39)	1st (by 9½ games)	1st (by 15 games)	World Series
1971	.622 (66-40)	1st (by 4½ games)	1st (by 12 games)	Pennant

(.679) is just shy of the .685 of the 1969 Orioles at this point in the season (see chart above). If the '79 Orioles continue at this pace, they will finish with the best record of any team in the majors since the Cleveland Indians'.721 of 1954. Better, mind you, than the 1975 Cincinnati Reds (.667), the '69 Orioles (.673) and the '61 Yankees (.673). Pretty fair company to stalk with a bunch of what's-their-names.

Although a third of the season lies ahead, these Birds are not likely to be plucked. No one is playing over his head. The top hitter among the regulars, Sin-

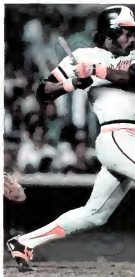
gleton, is batting .300, equaling his American League career average. The pitching staff leads the league with a collective 3.29 ERA, but then Baltimore's pitchers are usually among the best. The hitters have a middling .266 average—middling being what the Bird batsmen customarily are. "We don't overwhelm opponents like the Yankees or the Red Sox," says Pitcher Steve Stone. "We leave teams wondering how they lost to us. We're like the championship A's. We win with defense and solid pitching."

And don't forget timely, powerful hitting. That team average is very decep-

Bumby's back and running, restoring crucial speed and defense that were missing when he was injured



Murray is dangerous even with only half a bat



tive. The punch hitters are batting a lusty .325 (see chart below) and with 125 homers, the Orioles are slamming balls at a rate that will break the club record of 179 set in 1970. As the chart on page 40 shows, the Orioles play exactly well enough to win. And, as the chart on page 41 proves, just about everyone is making a significant contribution. "Every night it's a new hero," says Tippy Martinez, who is not related to starter Dennis Martinez (14-8). "Everybody's had the curtain call."

Last week in New York, Baltimore took two games from the Yankees in typical fashion. On Friday night the Orioles got two hits off Luis Tiant and won 1-0. A second-inning homer by Lowenstein stood up because McGregor, a junk-balling lefthander, blanked the Yanks with help from Tippy in the ninth.

On Saturday night it was the hitters' turn. Trailing 4-0 in the eighth, after having gotten only three hits off Catfish Hunter and Jim Kaat, the Oriole offense exploded for five runs. Shortstop Kiko Garcia opened the inning with a single. Catcher Rick Dempsey doubled and Centerfielder Bumbry doubled. With one out, Singleton got a single to make it 4-3. The next batter was Terry Crowley, whom Weaver had brought in to play



Singleton could look ahead to the Most Valuable Player award if only the voters were looking at him

first after Eddie Murray was ejected for arguing a call. Crowley singled to center. Lowenstein then tied the game with a sacrifice fly. The Yankees summoned Reliever Rich Gossage with two outs and the go-ahead run on first, and Lee May greeted him with a single. Switch-hitting Billy Smith, batting lefty against

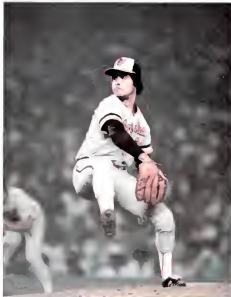
Gossage, drove Crowley home with the seventh Oriole hit of the inning. Smith, a .200 batter from the left side, has been playing lately because Third Baseman Doug DeCinces has a strained back muscle. Afterward, Flanagan gave the manager his due "Weaver's key move was getting Murray thrown" *continued*



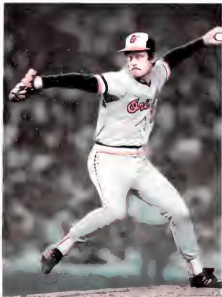
GOOD IN THE PINCH

Part of Earl Weaver's genius is that he always knows whom to bat in the clutch

PLAYER	AB	H	HR	RBI	PCT.	RBI
Mark Belanger	1	1	0	0	1.000	0
Al Bumbry	3	2	0	2	.667	0
Pat Kelly	16	8	2	11	.500	2
Lee May	6	3	0	1	.500	0
Terry Crowley	28	8	1	3	.286	2
Benny Ayala	8	2	0	0	.250	0
John Lowenstein	13	3	0	3	.231	1
Rick Dempsey	1	0	0	0	.000	0
Kiko Garcia	1	0	0	0	.000	0
Larry Harlow	3	0	0	0	.000	0
Gary Roenicke	2	0	0	0	.000	0
Billy Smith	1	0	0	0	.000	0
TOTALS	83	27	3	20	.325	5



Tippy Martinez is not Dennis' brother, but, oh brother, can he pitch



McGregor, who has a 7-3 record, has been a steady Scott on the mound

BALTIMORE command

out so we could get Crowley in there."

"Team stars!" asks Weaver. "I've got 25 of them and two on the disabled list. Every one of them helps us win. The only guy who's really having an above-average year is probably Kenny Singleton, and he's having a Most Valuable Player year."

Singleton is the archetypal Oriole—steady, gentlemanly, team-minded and obscure. He already has a career-high 27 homers and 83 RBIs and he leads the league with 77 walks for an on-base percentage of .412. Yet no one thinks of this man as making the contributions of a Frank Robinson. "Nobody knew me in Montreal," he says. "So why should they know me now?"

Singleton received some renown for his fine hitting last year, but there was carping as well. The Oriole outfield was under constant attack from the pitching staff, notably its ace, Jim Palmer. "He was right, too," Singleton admits. "We weren't aggressive. We were afraid of making mistakes." The defense improved considerably with the return of Bumbry, Baltimore's speedy centerfielder, who

missed most of the 1978 season with a broken ankle. Now that he is back, the outfield is as sound defensively as the rest of the team.

"We just can't feel we can lose," says Singleton. "Recently we scored nine runs in one inning against the Mariners after two were out and no one on. And we've had some miracle victories in the ninth inning. But that's what pennants are made of."

Lowenstein says the team's penchant for comebacks begin "in the spring, when we tried to see how many runs we could score in the eighth and ninth innings. You get to the point where you expect it to happen. The late-inning

heroics have become an ongoing epic."

Consider two consecutive home games in June against Detroit. In the first, with Baltimore trailing in the bottom of the ninth, Singleton and DeCinces hit homers for a 6-5 victory. In the second, Murray hit a three-run homer in the ninth for an 8-6 Oriole win. On each occasion the fans—35,000 one game and 46,000 the next—roared and stomped until the heroes came out for a bow.

Ironically, even though the Orioles are winning games and drawing fans at record rates, last week they were sold Owner Jerold Hoffberger, who had been trying to swing a deal for several years, finally found someone who would meet his \$12 million asking price: Washington Redskins President Edward Bennett Williams. Williams steadfastly maintains he will not move the team to Washington—but there are indications that he may schedule some games there. Even so, he is not likely to improve on the team's success at Memorial Stadium. Attendance in Baltimore is running 250,000 ahead of last year, with an average of more than 21,000 per date. "We used to draw an older crowd," says Flanagan. "Last year

LATE LIGHTNING

Baltimore is No. 1 because of its uncanny ability to get the game-winner late. The win-loss record

Eighth inning	7-2
Ninth inning	5-4
Extra innings	5-3
TOTAL	21-9 (700)

I had a no-hitter going into the ninth, and it was no big deal. Now the fans are younger, more vocal. It used to be no problem going out to a restaurant without being recognized, but the other night a bunch of us were down at the Chart House and guys started sending over drinks and lobsters and steaks."

The Baltimore players have served up feasts of their own at the ball park, where their record is a phenomenal 39-11 (.780). "The fans and the players seem to be feeding off each other," says Lowenstein.

Brooks Robinson, now the television color man for Oriole games, was discussing Baltimore's comfortable standing with an old friend last weekend. "They might win. These guys might win," Robinson said with a grin.

"They don't even need you, Brooksie," the friend said.

"They don't need Palmer, either," Robinson replied.

True enough. Jim Palmer is on the disabled list with tendinitis in his right elbow, and Weaver is in no rush to have him back on the mound. In the previous six weeks he had pitched only one game, and still the Orioles played .700 baseball, with Stone, McGregor, Dennis Martinez and Flanagan as the starting rotation. Because Palmer is 7-3 with a 3.20 ERA, Singleton has good reason to say,

GAME-WINNING HITS

An indication of Baltimore's balance is the wide distribution of games. Ten different players have driven in the decisive run in at least three games

PLAYER	POSITION	NO
Lee May	Designated Hitter	11
Ken Singleton	Rightfield	9
Rich Dauer	Second Base	8
Eddie Murray	First Base	7
Al Bumbry	Centerfield	5
Kito Garcia	Shortstop	5
Gary Roenicke	Leftfield	4
Rock Dempsey	Catcher	3
Pat Kelly	Outfield	3
Bill Smith	Second Base	3

"If we get him back and he's throwing the way he can, that's it." Few would dare to disagree.

"There's just no doubt we've got the strongest pitching staff in baseball," says Palmer. "And the numbers for the starting pitchers could be a lot better than they are. The difference so far has been the quality of long relief. We're getting excellent work from the bullpen."

Baltimore succeeds because the relief pitchers are able to keep the games under control until the batters crank up. Tippy Martinez beat Oakland last month when he retired 23 straight batters after issuing a walk. Last week against New York, rookie Dave Ford came on in the fifth inning to get another victory. "I've been knocked out six times this year before the third inning was over," says Flanagan, who leads the staff in shutouts with four. "But I don't feel like I've been knocked out. Maybe they've only scored three runs. But Earl can bring in a guy like Sammy Stewart, who might be a 20-game winner with another club, and he'll hold us close. I can't remember the last time we were blown out of a game."

The early shower also saves wear and tear on the starters, which is why Weaver scoffs at the idea that his pitchers might tire down the stretch.

The one man who occasionally has taken exception to Weaver's early-inning hook has been Stone, whose 6'1" record at home is offset by his dreadful 2-6 on the road. "Earl and I have had our differences," he says, "but that's because when I came here I had to concentrate on the 'we' concept. The losing clubs I was with were all 'I' clubs. In the second



Ford, a rookie, has been a Lincoln in relief

half of the season when you were out of it, everybody was concentrating on his personal statistics. Here everybody talks in terms of the ball club. As I've learned to accept that concept, it's taken the sting out of being knocked out. In a game against Milwaukee, I had a one-hitter going with two out in the ninth when Weaver came out and told me, '[Ceil] Cooper's yours if you want him.' Well, Cooper had just hit two long flies off me, and we were ahead 2-1, so that made him the winning run. If I had pitched and lost, I would have felt pretty bad. The best man for the job was Tippy, and one pitch later, we won."

When he was in Chicago, Stone was the team's poet laureate. Asked if he would rattle off some verse in praise of the Orioles, he declined. "If I try to do instant poetry, it would have to be iambic pentameter, and I don't want to do that. Later, I'll put something down on paper. The way this team's been playing—that's poetry."

END



Stone makes a poetic pitch for Oriole teamwork

THIS GRAHAM SIMPLY REFUSED TO CRACK

Unfazed by a double bogey on the 72nd hole, David Graham sank three big putts in sudden death to beat Ben Crenshaw for the PGA title **by DAN JENKINS**

The last of the year's major tournaments, the PGA Championship played last week at Oakland Hills outside Detroit, introduced the 20-foot tap-in, downgraded a famous course from a monster to a pushover as the players took advantage of slow, soft greens to accumulate 9.3 million birdies; unveiled a new personality, Rex Caldwell, who is such a hot dog there isn't enough mustard in America to cover him; reminded everyone that at 67 Sam Snead can still play the game (he finished at 288, only five strokes higher than he had shot on the same premises a mere 42 years ago); continued the torture of Ben Crenshaw, who was runner-up in a major tournament for the second time in three weeks; made all of us suspect that the sudden-death playoff is going to be a permanent part of the script; and finally, agonizingly, rewarded the man who had played the best golf with the trophy, David Graham, the methodical 33-year-old Australian, won it, lost it, and won it back by doing that old-fashioned thing of striking the ball into the fairway, hitting it onto the greens and rolling in a putt.

Last Sunday was no doubt the longest day in modern golf history. What was expected to be the final 18 holes began with Caldwell, the hot dog, the unknown, leading Crenshaw by two strokes and everyone else by at least four, which was how far Graham was behind. But it did not end until some six hours after the leader and the contenders teed off, and Graham had outlasted Crenshaw on the third extra hole of their playoff, a 202-yard par-3. Graham defeated Crenshaw by holing a six-foot birdie putt, but he could have missed it and still won, because Crenshaw had been bunkered and then had stroked his desperate putt for a pair past the cup. However, it would be just as correct to say Graham won the tournament back on the tee with the kind of shot he had been hitting all afternoon, a basically perfect four-iron.

The fact is, for 17 holes Graham played

a nearly flawless round of golf. And he had been rewarded for it by getting to seven under par for the round—and 10 under for the tournament. He needed a par on the last hole to score a stunning 63 and a 72-hole total of 270. And though Crenshaw put up a 272, eight under par after four consecutive rounds in the 60s, Graham deserved this championship; he had hit the better shots.

But he got a terrible break on the 18th hole, where he was heckled by spectators and irritated by photographers. That, added to the pressure of the moment, sent him reeling to the double-bogey six

which gave Crenshaw a ticket to the playoff. Ben had putted his way into the lead earlier in the day, then had fought his heart out to recover from a couple of bogeys in order to finish with a 67.

A bogey on the 18th hole would have given Graham the championship then and there, but he mashed his chap shut from behind the green amid the noisy and engulfing crowd. Then, with his composure shattered, Graham had his only poor putt of the day, missing a five-footer. And so the two went to the first tee for the PGA's third straight playoff.

It appeared to be over on the first hole when Crenshaw putted up for a gimme par from his usual 50 feet away, but Graham dropped a 25-footer for a halving four after fighting his way out of the rough. It seemed to be over again at the par-5 2nd, where Crenshaw was in for a birdie and Graham faced a grueling 10-foot putt to stay alive. But he canned that one, too.

So Graham had not only outplayed Crenshaw in firing his last-round 65

The jubilant Graham birdied nine of the 21 holes he played on Sunday, most notably the last two



despite the double bogey on 18, and outplayed him again with his marvelous iron shot into the 3rd green, but he had also done the impossible—he had outputted him.

Afterward, Crenshaw graciously said, "I don't like second worth a damn, but I shouldn't have been in the playoff. David will be remembered as a man who shot a 65 on the last day of a major championship—with a double bogey. And that's incredible."

Graham had begun the last round with birdies on the first two holes, while Crenshaw had started out with three birdies—all of which told Rex Caldwell that he was Rex Caldwell. Graham said he won the tournament with his birdies at the 7th, 8th, 10th and 11th holes. "I knew I was playing the best golf of my life," he said. "I couldn't do anything wrong. I didn't realize what I was doing until the 18th tee. On my backswing there, I said to myself, 'My God, where am I?' Then I woke up in a playoff. That's where the putter saved me and the four-iron won it back."

There is always some golfing history to deal with when a major championship returns to one of the historic old battlegrounds. Oakland Hills certainly has its share among the bent grass, elms, willows and fierce bunkering that make up its design. Some of the history of Oakland Hills is revered, and some of it is peculiar. Part of the drama last week lay in waiting to see what kind of history the 61st PGA would make.

At first Oakland Hills was simply another of Donald Ross' many designs, and not among his more distinguished. In the 1924 U.S. Open it produced a relatively unknown champion, Cyril Walker, primarily because Bobby Jones played the 10th hole in seven over par to lose by three strokes. In the 1937 Open, Ralph Guldahl established a 72-hole record of 281. At this point Oakland Hills' championship qualities were seriously being questioned. But then came the 1951 Open and what Robert Trent Jones called the birth of modern golf architecture—and the "monster."

When Trent Jones redesigned Oakland Hills for the '51 Open, it was said that he forgot only two things: fairways and greens. Oakland Hills that year had the narrowest fairways, the highest rough and the most severely placed bunkers of any course ever. The architect said he had invented "double target" golf to

test the ever-improving abilities of the game's great players. When Ben Hogan won that Open by firing a final-round 67 for a 287—15 strokes higher than the scores posted by Graham and Crenshaw—Oakland Hills gained its reputation as a monster. Hogan supposedly said, "I finally brought the monster to its knees," although no one who was there that day can recall Ben using the word monster.

Afterward there was so much talk about the "Indian file" fairways and the bomb-crater bunkers that Oakland Hills was again tampered with—made easier for two subsequent majors, the 1961 Open that Gene Littler won and the 1972 PGA that went to Gary Player. Their winning totals echoed Guldahl's 281, but the layout was still thought to be a "monster," such creatures being courses refusing to yield a number below par.

It was with all of this in mind last week that Oakland Hills' members took to moaning over the low scores that a "slow and softened" course yielded. After Tom Watson shot 66 the first day, Alan Tapie shot 65 the second day and Caldwell 66 the third day; after 15 sub-par rounds on Thursday, 18 on Friday and 18 on Saturday; after it was obvious that the winner and a few other chaps were going to break 280 on this hallowed Hoganland, the greens superintendent, Ted Woehrl, was thinking about wearing a disguise.

He had said after two rounds, "My biggest problem now is the red numbers on the board. The members are angry."

Pre-tournament rains did nothing to speed the course up, but neither did the sprinkler system. It is possible that Oakland Hills would have been more difficult if the watering system had broken back in June. The fairways were lush because of the sprinklers, and there was no rough despite the rain, a paradox. Fairways are supposed to be "down" and greens are supposed to be like lightning for major championships, but at Oakland Hills neither was the case. Thus, tee shots did not skitter into trouble, and even four-wood shots held on the greens.

"We aren't seeing the true character of Oakland Hills," said Crenshaw. "But it's still a great place. I can't stand on the 10th tee without thinking about the double bogeys Jones made there and the birdie Hogan made."

Despite the easy conditions, the PGA still had plenty of glamour. Watson gave it luster on opening day, and when Cren-



The downcast Crenshaw was second again.

shaw became the 36-hole leader there was certainly no reason for disappointment. Other fine players were hanging in there: Jerry Pate, Hubert Green, Graham Marsh—and David Graham. Weakened or not, venerable old Oakland Hills was going to produce a fitting champion to go along with the Hogans, Players and Littlers who had won in the past.

There was only one problem. Rex Caldwell. With his swaggering and his waggish remarks, he was a hero only in the press tent. He declared himself the greatest putter in the game. He walked in his gun-slipping role as an unknown upstart. On Saturday night he even predicted that he would, in fact, win the tournament.

The mysteries of putting had been solved by him in only one week. He had changed his swing to keep himself from falling backward so far on his follow-through. He had shaved off his mustache to make himself look more like a golfer.

"I'm not a putter, I'm a roller," he said. "You've got to roll the ball."

As for his chances in Sunday's final round, when all that was asked of him was that he go out and win a major championship for his first victory ever, Caldwell said, "You can book it, I'll be nervous, but I'll be rolling it."

On Sunday, though, nobody rolled it better than David Graham.

END



L.A. GOES MARCHING BEHIND GEORGIA

Having inherited control of the Rams from her husband, Georgia Rosenbloom is ready to assume the role of general and straighten out the feuding top brass of Carroll's Army, which includes her stepson Steve **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

You'll find Carroll's Army right there on page 3 of the Los Angeles Rams' 1979 Media Guide—70 soldiers in marching order, an army put together by the team's former owner, the late Carroll Rosenbloom. You can learn a lot from media guides; they're full of subtleties. You can learn when a player falls from grace, when a starting middle linebacker, for instance, is suddenly projected to No. 3 on the outside. "Oh, it doesn't mean a thing," the coach will say. "We're gonna be juggling everything around in camp." But you know different. It's right there in the media guide, and it's there because the coach told the PR man to put it there.

You can learn when someone has been subtly dishonored—when a coach who has been ranked as a "Coordinator" drops to "Special Assistant," and, taking it a notch higher, when a "Vice-Pres-

ident" becomes a "Special Consultant."

Page 3 of the L.A. Guide tells you that the Rams plan to attack the 1979 NFL season out of a wing formation, a 1-1-3 that has Carroll's 42-year-old widow, Georgia Rosenbloom, positioned in front. Georgia is President and Majority Owner, the majority consisting of 70% of the club, under the terms of a will that raised a few eyebrows when it was read.

Georgia is blonde and pretty, and she has her lighter moments. She wouldn't mind being called G.R., as Carroll was called C.R. She has an operatic background, and she would like to take a shot at the national anthem before one of the games—"But not a cappella. They suggested I do it a cappella, and I told them, 'At least give me a trumpet for the harmony.'" She is into levitation. And she plans to pilot her own helicopter from

her home in Bel Air to the Rams' new office in Anaheim.

But Georgia has a tough side, too, and she has made it clear that those around her will be aware of it in weeks to come. Last Saturday night in Los Angeles, an hour after the Rams had beaten the Raiders 20-14 in sudden death in an exhibition game at the Coliseum, she was not caught up in the magic of it all. She was putting the finishing touches on a position paper that would be presented to all Ram department heads on Monday. The thrust of it was that Georgia is the boss, and she wants to know what's going on.

"Right now we don't have much leadership," Georgia says. "Oh, they played well—they're trying to earn their positions—and I'm not talking about the coaching. We have good coaching. I'm talking about the top. There are some

continued

At long last, Pat Hadan is firmly entrenched as the Rams' No. 1 quarterback.



Bubba France (77) briefly left camp after claiming the Rams were racist.





Steve Rosenbloom put a block on Klosterman



...but the Duke now has George in his corner

things that have to be ironed out."

Which brings us to the second "I" on the Rams' I-I-I-3. This is Steve Rosenbloom, 34, Carroll's son by a previous marriage. Popular around the league, popular on the club, Steve stands in the middle of the formation as Executive Vice-President. Last year he was Assistant to the President, a job that has not yet been filled for '79. Steve is one of four Rams vice-presidents, the other three filling the rear rank of the formation—Don Klosterman (General Manager) and Harold Guver (Operations) on the wings, Jack Teele (Administration) at center.

Below them, in agate type, is a block of 65 names, beginning with Ray Malavasi, the head coach, going on down to Gabe Bartold's entertainment staff and ending with the office aides. But all the action is up there at the top.

The first stirrings were felt when Carroll Rosenbloom's will was disclosed in April, shortly after he had drowned off Golden Beach, Fla., where he was vacationing. The bulk of Rosenbloom's estate, guessed to be worth as much as \$100 million, went to Georgia. The remaining 30% of the Rams was divided equally among the five children: Steve, Danny and Suzanne by his first wife; Lucia, and 15-year-old Chip from his marriage to Georgia. And Georgia was to oversee the entire operation.

A double slap to Steve, his friends said. He was the one who had learned the football business from the ground up, who had spent five years in the equipment room in Baltimore, when Rosenbloom owned the Colts, helping Freddy Schubach sort through the dirty socks and jocks.

"This business of working in the locker room is really overdone," Georgia says. "I told Steve he should stop saying that he picked up dirty socks and jocks. Everyone knows it. When his first boy appeared in the press book, I asked him to change it. It's not dignified."

Sore enough, the "dirty socks" in Steve's bio in the Rams' 1978 Media Guide has been changed to "dirty towels" in the '79 book. But any way you dirty it, he had spent more than 20 years working with his father, and his friends felt he should have been rewarded with at least a slightly larger share than was given to the other children.

"Carroll treated his children equally," says attorney E. Gregory Hookstratten,

an executor of the will. "In law it's called *pari passu*."

Steve says, "I told my father, 'It's your money and I don't care what you do with it. Flush it down the toilet if you want to.' The things I have the happiest memories looking back on are the things money couldn't get you. I remember the family feeling we all had in those old Colt days. Money couldn't buy that. We used to refer to each other by names out of Damon Runyon. Bert Bell Jr. was Blackie. I was Hymie the Mink. The Colt veterans used to yell over at me, 'Hey, Mink!' There were rookies who were in and out so fast they never even knew my name. They called me Mr. Mink."

"I see people lose their whole perspective because of money. This is a people business. When you get caught up in ego, then you're strictly in the entertainment business, just like Hollywood."

Carroll Rosenbloom hated the city of Baltimore. Steve loved it. When Carroll traded the Colts' franchise for the Rams in 1972, Steve waited a year to follow him to Los Angeles. He didn't trust the place. He had taken part of his father's wedding gift to him and invested it in a dog-boarding business in Baldwin, Md., and he stayed out of football.

"I had a year to think about football while I was hosing down dog runs," he says. "I'd taken a lot of crap in my life, but hosing it down is a little different."

Eventually, Steve went to Los Angeles, and the rift that had been growing between him and Klosterman in Baltimore widened. The Duke of Del Rey, as Klosterman is known, had knocked around AFL outposts—Kansas City, Houston—and gained a reputation as a crafty guerrilla fighter when the new league and the NFL were warring. Then, in 1970, Carroll Rosenbloom hired Klosterman as his general manager in Baltimore, and two years later he was back in his beloved Southern California.

The Duke is a survivor. He survived a severe spinal injury that should have left him paralyzed. He survived three coaching changes under Carroll. He survived an attempt by Tampa Bay to lure him to Florida with a contract that would have guaranteed him lifetime security. But that deal didn't have Bel Air or Malibu written into it. No, Tampa Bay, the Duke would stay where he was, thank you, on \$50,000 a year, a salary Carroll seemed to fix onto his executives; former Ram Coach Chuck Knox' original contract

continued



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When Goodyear you come



Ahead on the road

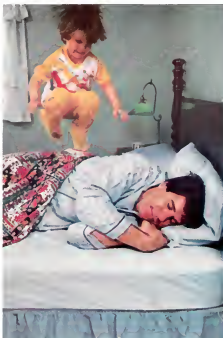
More people ride on Goodyear tires than any other kind. Our latest: the low-profile Wingfoot Radial. Its short sidewall, with a natural contour, cuts down reaction time in cornering. And the sidewall contour also contributes to riding comfort. Strong Flexten belts made with aramid fiber help keep the tread open and squirm-free for good traction and long mileage.



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moves out front, out ahead



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Goodyear's Airfoam II mattress cores give you far more comfort than old-fashioned "slab-of-foam" designs. Their special high-resiliency foam is molded into hundreds of individual pillows, engineered to give you support that fits your body. They're firmer under your chest and hips, softer under your head and legs. Only Goodyear makes this kind of form-fitting mattress core.



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Kenny Roberts' win in the 1978 500cc World Grand Prix Championship crowns eight years of concentrated Goodyear development, on the road and off. Goodyear set out to broaden the limited range of tires available to U.S. motorcyclists back in 1971. Today we offer 13 different motorcycle tire designs. Result: motorcyclists have made us Number One in the U.S. market.

GOODYEAR

Out front. Pulling away.

was for \$50,000, and until very recently Steve Rosenbloom's salary was \$50,000.

Then last year Carroll brought in Guiver, a former players' agent and a Life Master in bridge who broke Tommy Prothro in at championship-level competition, to handle contracts. Klosterman's old area. Trading, though, still was Klosterman's department, at least for the record, but then a few days before the NFL draft in May, a league-wide TWX went out from the Rams' office that stunned many people. It said that any trade discussions with Los Angeles should be addressed to Dick Steinberg, the Director of Player Personnel. And at the draft Klosterman was moved from his familiar post at the head table to the junior varsity bench. He was unofficially awarded the title of Overseer and Consultant. Once again his survival instincts were being tested.

"Steve wanted to make a change," Klosterman says. "I really don't know what he has against me. In his opinion Dick Steinberg could do a better job. I

know I have confidence in my ability. I don't think he ever asked Dick about it—or Georgia. I doubt whether she even knew about it."

Georgia is a powerful ally. The news of Klosterman's demotion shook her.

"When I first heard about it, it didn't dawn on me what had happened," she says. "It was less than a month after Carroll had died. I was still in the closet, so to speak. It was never fully explained to me, but when it was, I realized what a dreadful thing it was. It was something Carroll would have abhorred. It was finished through, that's all."

"It took me a while to realize what was going on. The media called me. 'What's this hatchet job on Don?' they asked. I didn't even know what they were talking about. I began to find out more things. There was an entire group in the organization that wasn't even speaking to Don. He'd go to his office and they wouldn't even say hello to him. How would you like that?"

Georgia's first reaction was to draft a very strong statement—To All Parties Concerned. Then she thought it over and made her views known privately. The message was clear: if Dick Steinberg was to have the first word on trades, then Don Klosterman was to have the last word.

"If both factions on this club want the same thing, the success of this organization," she says, "then they should be able to work together. If not, then no amount of pleading can help. But I'm going to take a very long look at this problem and do what has to be done if it isn't solved."

It's tough to figure whether any of this will affect the team on the field. The Rams have won six straight NFC West division titles, and on track record alone they have to be considered a Super Bowl contender. They looked competent in Saturday night's exhibition Under Malvasi's low-key direction, the Rams have had a relatively peaceful camp. Linebacker Isiah Robertson, the textbook malcontent, has been traded to Buffalo. And for once the quarterback position has not been a daily controversy. Pat Haden is the man. "The players are happy, the coaches are happy," John Sevano wrote in the *Orange Coast Daily Pilot*. "Old-timers are having a hard time trying to remember when things have gone smoother."

But then Left Tackle Doug (Bubba)

France, twice a member of the Pro Bowl squad, walked out of the camp at Fullerton, claiming racial injustice—white players getting preferential treatment by the coaches and media, non-mingling of black and white players in the dining room and in the beer joints.

Malvasi shrugged it off. Big guy sweating through two-a-days; postoperative elbow that's had him worried. Hot summer madness. Five days later France was back.

"A lot of guys had pointed the stuff out to me," France says, "and then when I walked out, I was on my own. Now some guys are making a joke out of it. O.K., if it's for the good of the team, I'll go along with that. If getting to the Super Bowl means being a phony, then let's be phonies."

So the Rams have their problems, and right now they have to wonder about Georgia Rosenbloom's ability to provide direction at the top. "So far she's had a high profile, she's been visible," says Defensive End Fred Dryer. "What you have to ask is, can she stand the test of time in a man's world?"

"Carroll shared every thought, every club matter with her," Hookstraten says. "Sometimes it's eerie, talking to her on the phone. Every answer she gives is something Carroll would have said. Don't sell her short. She's a very tough lady."

"Carroll always wanted the Rams to be fun for me—fun and profitable," Georgia says. "That's why he was in it; that's why he gave me the club. I should be having fun. I don't know why I'm not. I know that blind items have gone out all over the country about me—hatchet-type things. I feel that I have to be alert and aware every second. Carroll wanted this to be a wonderful, wonderful thing for me. It hasn't been."

"I can't really say I've gotten over his death. I don't cry anymore, but I can't sleep more than four hours a night. My brain keeps flashing back to that beach in Florida where he drowned. It comes at the damndest times. I try to be kind to everyone I deal with, but kindness should not be mistaken for weakness. I gather information. I remember the people who have hurt me. If it's someone I like, I can forget about it. If it's not, then I can deal with him in such a manner that I can probably do worse to him than he's done to me."

"I have a good memory."

Malvasi, says Georgia, is a "good coach."





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O.K., class, sit up straight now and take notes. If you feel out of sync, good. That was our intent. The more in tune you are with the present the less able you are to assess the past. And because our concern here is to chart the great between—25 roiling, heroic, clashing, epochal and exciting years of it—you first have to dig where you're coming from, man. The distance is deceptive. Like Rip Van Winkle, we are all living in a time warp imposed by the overwhelming rush of events that passes for progress. As C. P. Snow has noted, "Until this century social change was so slow that it would pass unnoticed in one person's lifetime. That is no longer so. The rate of change has increased so much that our imaginations can't keep up."

The future shock syndrome—too much, too fast, too confusing—is stunning. But so too is the sporting scene, and it demands our attention as a reflection of the social, economic and technological upheavals of our era. A question.

NELSON: Why sports? Forgive me, but I think there are more meaningful areas of study.

PROF: Forgive me, Mr. Nelson, but you sound a lot like the naysayers at the turn of the century who, still clinging to their Puritan roots, dismissed sports as a waste of time and an "expression of the barbarian temperament." Nevertheless, the growth of the "devil's diversions" was such that it prompted scholars like Jacques Barzun to observe, "Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better learn baseball."

In fact, one measure of the impact of sports on our culture is its acceptance in the last decade as a field of serious study by academicians. In debunking TV's tendency to treat sports as show biz, philosopher Michael Novak says, "Sports are far more serious than the dramatic arts, much closer to primal symbols, metaphors and acts, much more ancient and frightening. Sports are mysteries of youth and aging, perfect action and decay, fortune and misfortune, strategy and contingency. Sports are rituals concerning human survival on this planet: liturgical enactments of animal perfection and the struggles of the human spirit to prevail."

Effusive as that may sound, English Professor Neil D. Isaacs takes the sports-as-a-metaphor-for-life theme one giant step further. In his recent book *Jock Culture, U.S.A.*, he contends, "Intellectually and philosophically, emotionally and psychologically, sexually and physically, sport governs our lives." Then, catching his breath, he concludes, "We must go further and recognize that our system as a whole has become, that the U.S.A. is, a jockocracy."

NELSON: Pete Rose for President!

PROF: Hear, hear! But would he take the \$625,000 pay cut? Profundities aside, suffice it to say that sports have become a pervasive force in our society. Which brings us to today's game plan, discussing the most significant trends in

sports over the past 25 years. We will confine ourselves to five. Pencils ready:

1. Expaiaaaaaaaansion
2. The Wide, Wide World of TV
3. Of Money and Men
4. The Bold, the Black and the Beautiful
5. Participant Sports, or Everybody into the Pool

Lounging on his patio in 1954, no American could have envisioned the nuclear-like explosion in sports that was building just over the horizon. By then, the long swing from an agrarian to an urban society was solidified and sports were bristling with new energy. Along the way, pastimes that once were pursued in a leisurely, limited way by farm families became a passionate release for the masses.

Teams representing various factories, social clubs and towns developed intense rivalries. Skilled players were favored to the exclusion of the average. The crowds of wildly partisan fans grew. And winning became important. Branch Rickey, too much of a Puritan to attend Sunday games, described the ideal Dodger player as one who "will break both your legs if you happen to be standing in his path to second base." Thus, if you're keeping score—and you'd better be—were born three phenomena: the star system, mass spectatorship and the win-at-all-costs mentality.

Against this backdrop, Patio Man emerged from the postwar recovery with more mobility, more money and more—much, much more—leisure time than ever. The economy in 1954 was perking along at record levels for a peacetime year. The 60-hour work week of 1900 was down to 40 hours. And the profit motive was up, particularly in the sporting-goods business, which registered record sales of \$481 million. In effect, Ike's State of the Union Address that year was "C'mon America, tee up." A question.

STOCKER: Weren't teams more spread out by then? I mean, it seems like the Braves have been losing down in Atlanta for centuries. And what about the Athletics way out there in Kansas City?

MONTROSE: No, you're thinking of the Milwaukee Braves and the Philadelphia Athletics.

BAHR: No, no, it's the Oakland A's and the Milwaukee Brewers. You know, they used to be the Seattle Pilots.

PROF: Time out. Your confusion is understandable. Here's what happened. In 1952, after drawing a meager 281,278 fans, the Boston Braves moved to Milwaukee. Adoring as a smitten teen-ager, the town turned out 1,826,397 strong in 1953. Now, a 600% jump at the gate in a virgin territory doesn't go unnoticed. So the next year the St. Louis Browns left to seek true love as the Baltimore Orioles. And the year after that the Athletics fled Philadelphia to go courting in Kansas City. But what touched off the great Westward Ho! migration was the move in 1958 by the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants to California.



continued

What followed was the most wide-open spree of claim-staking since gold was struck at Sutter's Mill. Denied big league sports for so long, cities were willing to do anything to get a pro team—any team, any way, any price. Build us a new stadium that will mortgage the city's future and drain the taxpayers into the next century? You got it. Charge us low rent and no property taxes? Done. Give us a disproportionate share of the concession profits? All yours. No scenes when we run off to seduce another? Promise.

Naturally there has never been a shortage of hustlers to exploit the situation. In too many instances the new owners bought their franchises solely as tax shelters, and when those benefits ran out, usually within five years, so did they. Which helps explain why the 11 teams in the American Basketball Association experienced 27 changes of ownership in the league's 10-year history.



It told, over the past 20 years the number of football, baseball, basketball and hockey franchises has swelled from 42 to 101, spurred by the belief that a city without a big league team is a burg without a future. As Hubert Humphrey once said, without the action at Metropolitan Stadium the Twin Cities would be a "cold Omaha."

NELSON: If I were Omaha, I'd be happy to watch the Vikings on TV and let the Twin Cities foot the bill for the new domed stadium they're trying to build there.

PROF: TV or not TV, that has never been the question. If there were no TV, there would, for example, be no NFL as we know it. In fact, by virtue of the NFL's four-year \$656 million contract with the networks—the largest TV deal ever made—there need be no fans in the stands. This season, with its \$5.8 million TV share, each team could play in an empty stadium and still turn a profit.

The dawning of TV could not have shone more warmly on the sports landscape of 1954. In the early '50s only 9% of U.S. households had TV sets, but by the late 1960s fully 94% were plugged in and nearly three dozen new pro teams had sprouted. All that was needed to make addicts of us all was to expose a waiting America to the living spectacle of sports that it had read and heard about. And TV did that in a way that was awesome. Down every dusty back road, up every glinting high rise and from sea to shining sea, folks who did not know a five-iron from a flyrod sat in hushed wonder as Arnold Palmer flipped his cigarette to the green and—yaboo!—boldly holed a long snaking putt.

The more America saw, the more it wanted to see. If the Kentucky Derby was that enthralling, what of the Preakness and the Belmont? The Indy 500? Give us 500 more races. In college football, rivalries that once were waged in the relative isolation of Norman, Okla. and Lincoln, Neb. became causes of national import. And soon, in TV's unrelenting drive to diversify and intensify the lucrative sports market, there evolved on the screen a kind of fast-forward montage, in which it became increasingly difficult to separate the heroic from the hoked-up from the hard sell. Suddenly, it seemed, bird hunters were taking dead aim at sky-

divers, skiers were hurtling down slopes greased by the Noxzema Girl and white-water canoeists were being outdistanced by the Ty-D-Bol man.

Though much has been made of the fact that TV helped make pro football the sports phenomenon of the 1960s, there is a flip side. Sports helped make TV. Surveys show that sports viewing is one of the primary reasons why consumers buy TV sets. And while the Uncle Milties, the Gun-smokes and the Lucys have flashed and faded, sports remain as TV's constant and ever-burgeoning craze. It was a marriage made in the marketplace, with all the compromises that implies, and overall both parties have benefited immeasurably because sports, as Pete Rozelle is wont to say, "delivers the numbers." Staggering, almost incomprehensible numbers. Says Jerry Colangelo, general manager of the Phoenix Suns, whose team receives \$880,000 a year from its network "godfather": "If TV wants us to play at 4 a.m., we'll just have to leave early wake-up calls."

BEEMAN: But what about those other numbers, the ones on the scoreboard, the statistics, the fun part?

PROF: Ah, gentle students, the mean truth is that the single overriding trend in sports over the past 25 years is that our pastimes, our refuge from the clamor of a fast-buck world, have themselves become big business. The barons of sport contrived for so long to present themselves as noble sportsmen fending off bankruptcy at every turn that the pose inevitably touched off a messy money war, which has been waged in the headlines and every barroom in the land.

By contrast, the catalyst for the tale of the hucks, a series of lawsuits against the pro leagues initiated by the players' unions, edged quietly through the courts. The wheels of justice ground slowly but when they stopped, it was one crusher after another for the owners. In 1976, when the Dodgers' Andy Messersmith was declared free by court order to offer his services in the marketplace like any other citizen, the lid blew off the salary market for good.

To keep our own lids intact, let us here only briefly cite part of the barrage of heavy bucks that we have all lived and suffered through. NBA salaries have increased 700% over the last decade to an average of \$158,000. Only seven years ago, O. J. Simpson's \$733,358 wage would have paid the salaries of 22 players plus a Serbo-Croatian placekicker. And so on across the sports spectrum, from multimillion-dollar boxing purses to sweaty pitchers like Bjorn Borg raking in almost \$2 million a year from endorsements.

BEEMAN: Money, money, money. Surely there are other measures of an athlete's worth than dollars and cents?

PROF: Yes. In fact, you are their very embodiment. Mrs. Beeman—bold, black and beautiful. Bold in the sense of forthright, questioning, individualistic. Indeed, the modern athlete bears about as much resemblance to the old as Ilie Nastase does to Little Mo'Connolly. Yes, brash, pumpered and spoiled also apply, but they reflect an age that above all else has been one of growing pains.

Bred in the student riots of the mid-1960s, the new militant athlete staged dramatic strikes and spoke out in public and in books like Dave Meggysey's *Out of Their League*.



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one of a spate of angry denunciations of the "dehumanizing" aspects of team regimentation, the win syndrome and autocratic coaches. Clashes with coaches became more frequent. Growing hand in black glove with the new militancy was the resentment of the black athlete. In 1967, 20 years after Jackie Robinson broke the racial barrier in baseball, Harry Edwards, the militant black sociologist, called for a boycott of the Mexico City Olympics, charging, "Sports reeks of the same racism that corrupts other areas of our society." Though the boycott fizzled, when Tommie Smith and John Carlos, who finished one-three in the 200 meters, raised their gloved hands in the defiant black power salute during the national anthem, they served as a pair of exclamation points to a long list of grievances.

Primarily, black athletes rebelled against this scenario—being given a college scholarship, trained to entertain the ticket buyers and then, once their eligibility was used up, being ignored to the point that only about half of them graduated. In the pros, they found it hard to get the same salaries—much less the same endorsements—as white players.

Conditions have improved for black athletes, if only because of the sheer force of their skills and their numbers. In 1954 only 5% of NBA players were black. Today the league is 75% black, and though some have cited that fact as a reason for a dip in attendance, no cutback is likely. When it comes to winning, black is beautiful.

So is woman, and while the female athlete has hardly achieved any kind of parity with the male, she is closing the gap fast. A natural spin-off of the women's liberation movement, the drive to end sex discrimination on the playing field has had to counter the notion that as far as sports are concerned, women make good cheerleaders. While luminaries like Babe Didrikson Zaharias proved long ago how absurd that bias was, it remained for Billie Jean King to bury it forever on the night of Sept. 20, 1973 by roasting a male chauvinist pig named Bobby Riggs.

Somehow, super-type that it was, that match served to unite the sisterhood behind the cause. The major problem was that for decades, though the enrollment of most schools was half female, their athletic programs received only a minuscule percentage of the sports budget. In 1972 the passage of Title IX of the Education Amendment started the machinery to change all that by guaranteeing women the same funds, facilities and other benefits enjoyed by the men. Today the 916 schools in the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women, founded in 1971, are offering 14 varsity sports—a big stride forward.

It took some prodding to get the rest of flabby America vibrating. After a 1960 U.S. tour, for example, Herb Elliott, the Aussie miler, poked his finger into the midriff of the citizenry, calling them "weak, soft and synthetic, a people who thoroughly molluscocuddle themselves." Like a hippo rising from the mire, one fancies, America got off its duff, and slowly, after many fitful sops and starts, began lumbering along, gradually picking up speed, going faster and faster, until today it seems as if half the nation is running. Or playing tennis. Or swimming, canoeing, bicycling, orienteering,

roller-skating, mountain-climbing, sailing. In short, America is on a participant sports binge that promises to become a way of life in the next decade.

What else does the foreseeable future hold? In the very probable category, say those who have studied the question, with an estimated \$50 billion a year now being wagered on sports in the U.S., there will be state-controlled mutual windowds in the stadiums before 1990, college football, caught in a financial crunch, will consolidate into a superconference of 25 teams or so; pay TV, championed by sports promoters, will become a reality; and, dictated by inflation and the energy crisis, a "spirit of moderation" will prevail in sports for the next few years.



beyond that? Well, with hints from futurists who estimate that, among other space-age niceties, man will be working only 147 days a year by the end of this century, we invite you, gentle students, to resume your slouch positions, relax and let your imaginations drift forward in time, forward a quarter of a century to the year 2044.

You are jogging on your air-cushioned, heart-monitoring treadmill, the latest thing in home fitness, and idly punching the keyboard of your Sport-O-Rama TV network. Before you, a bank of 12 screens is flickering with spirited action. Eight-foot centers are bottling for rebounds under 11-foot baskets. Women hockey players, their skates reflecting the sunlight flooding through the arena's transparent dome, are slashing across a surface of Teflon IX. A pair of 350-pound boxers, both at the peak of their powers at age 50, are dead even according to the scoreboard that registers their blows through sensors embedded in their gloves.

Click. You punch the "baseball" button and the screens switch to a dozen different views of a game between the Madrid Yankees and the Peking Ducks. Click. You hit the "ambiance" button, and the room is filled with gusts of balmy air and the smell of grave, rosin and hot dogs. Click. You call for a readout of the latest odds covering every possible contingency. Click. You bet \$100 that Reggie Rudi, the Yankees' star rightfielder, will swing away. Click. Your wager is automatically deducted from your account as, inexplicably, Reggie R attempts to bunt and pops out. Click. You tune in the dugout, where the Yankees' manager, Billy Martinez, is screaming, "How do you fine a superstar? Take away his Kuwait oil wells!"

Click. You switch to the educational channel, where an aged professor from the Phalco radio era is concluding a retrospective of sports in the 20th century.

"And so, students," he says in a faltering voice, "as we have seen, the ancient Greek ideal that has endured—indeed, transcended—the convulsions of the past half century, the one constant that is both the joy and salvation of man and his games, is the deep and irrepressible impulse to play, to revel, to give the best of mind and spirit and, in so doing, honor all men." "Sh-BOOM!" A question, Mr. Quark.

QUARK: Yeah, when are we going to talk dirt bikes?

PROF: Next time, Mr. Quark, next time. Class dismissed.

CONTINUED

1954-1979

DOWN GLORY ROAD

1954

Somehow it does not seem that long ago. The names are still so familiar—Willie Mays, Arnold Palmer, Rocky Marciano and, oh yes, Roger Bannister, the man who did the impossible. In retrospect, it was Bannister's achievement that opened up the infinite possibilities of the years ahead. He did what no man had done before: he broke through the impregnable four-minute mile barrier. After that day at Oxford, anything seemed possible. As the record of these pages shows, just about anything was.

by Ron Fimrite and Nancy Williamson



In a qualifying heat Bannister warms up for his Mile of the Century run over John Landy in the Vancouver Empire Games



October brought Series success to Willie Mays and Leo Durocher (here with Leo's wife Laraine Day). Maureen Connolly won her third Wimbledon



Palmer, a covey from Latrobe, Pa., won the U.S. Amateur. Ernie Charles lasted 15 rounds with a great heavyweight boxing champion, the relentless Marciano, and won respect he never knew when he was the champ.



Robinson was still a terror on the base paths.

Next year" finally arrived for the Dodgers, who beat the Yankees in the World Series four games to three. The Dodgers' Duke Snider hit four homers, and Johnny Podres pitched two complete-game wins. In the first game 36-year-old Jackie Robinson stole home; in the final game Sandy Amoros made a sparkling catch of Yogi Berra's drive to left in the sixth inning.

Jack Fleck, an almost unknown golfer, upset Ben Hogan in a playoff to win the U.S. Open in San Francisco. There was a thrilling equine rivalry between Swaps and Nashua. In the Kentucky Derby, Swaps, with Willie Shoemaker up, beat Nashua, ridden by Eddie Arcaro. Then, in a match race between the two at Chicago's Washington Park, Nashua, winner of the Preakness and Belmont (neither of which Swaps entered), won by 6½ lengths. Defending Indy champ Bill Vukovich was killed in a pileup in the 500. At the 24-hour race at Le Mans, France, a crash took 81 lives. Appearing in their sixth consecutive NFL championship game and Quar-

terback Otto Graham's last, the Cleveland Browns beat the Rams 38-14. Bud Wilkinson's dynastic Oklahoma Sooners, getting their 30th win in what would be a 47-game streak, were the top college team. His 17-year O.U. record: 145-29-4. Sugar Ray Robinson regained the middleweight title, knocking out Carl (Bobo) Olson.



Bud Wilkinson's swift Sooners, starring Halfback Tommy McDonald, ran out of the upset T and rolled up boxer scores as becoming No. 1.



Nashua (above), ridden by Arcaro, and Swaps, Shoemaker up, added luster to the racetrack.





Tenley Albright, the U.S., North American and world skating champion and Olympic champion-to-be, passed the magic on to Hess, Fleming and Hassel



The switch-hitting Muzzle, who succeeded the sainted Joe DiMaggio, swings lefty in Yankee Stadium



Austria's Toni Sailer became the first to sweep the Olympic Alpine skiing races, at Cortina, Italy. Morrow flew at Melbourne.



Mickey Mantle, the Yankees' 24-year-old centerfielder, won the American League Triple Crown, batting .353, hitting 52 homers and driving in 130 runs, but Don Larsen stole his thunder in the World Series triumph over the Dodgers. In the fifth game Larsen pitched the only perfect game in Series history. Pittsburgh's Dale Long set a major league record that yet survives when he hit home runs in eight straight games. Cincinnati's Frank Robinson tied a rookie record by hitting 38 homers. In the first Olympics south of the equator, at Melbourne, Texas' Bobby Morrow won both sprints and anchored the gold-medal sprint relay team to a world record (39.5). Tom Courtney of the U.S. won the 800-meter run and anchored the 1,600-meter relay team to victory. The U.S. swept both hurdle events, Glenn Davis taking the gold in the 400 and Leo Calhoun the 110. Perry O'Brien and Bob Richards repeated their 1952 triumphs, winning the shotput and pole vault, respectively, and Pat McCormick again won both women's diving events.

Rocky Marciano retired undefeated as heavyweight champion, and Floyd Patterson succeeded him by knocking out Archie Moore in the fifth round of their fight for the vacated title. Carmen Basilio lost his welterweight title to Johnny Saxton, then regained it. The University of San Francisco, led by Center Bill Russell, won a second consecutive NCAA basketball championship, defeating Iowa 83-71. A rookie quarterback for the Baltimore Colts, Johnny Unitas, caught his own deflected pass for a net gain of one yard. Australia's Jim Beley ran the first sub-four-minute mile (3:58.6) in the U.S. By winning the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Nashua boosted his earnings to \$1,288,565.

The New York Giants trounced the Chicago Bears 47-7 for the NFL championship. The Wilson Sporting Goods Company announced that it was working on a fumble-resistant football. The project was not dropped; the ball is in use today.



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It ever a fableless said "National Pastime" (this was it, the throwing out the first ball before a breaking of C's case



Gibson stepped up to the top rung to serve



Sugar Ray Robinson lost his middleweight title to Gene Fullmer but he won it back again

Althea Gibson, the first black tennis player to gain international acclaim, won the Wimbledon women's singles and women's doubles titles and the U.S. singles at Forest Hills. A man already esteemed as one of the great jockeys, Willie Shoemaker, committed an unforgettable gaffe. Riding Gallant Man to an apparent victory in the Kentucky Derby, he stood up in his irons at the 16th pole, assuming incorrectly that the race was over. Iron Liege surged by him to win the race. The Braves brought a World Series championship to their 5-year-old home, Milwaukee's County Stadium, by beating the Yankees four games to three, Lew Burdette pitching three complete-game victories.

The fabulous Sugar Ray Robinson lost his middleweight crown to Gene Fullmer in January and regained it from him in May. Robinson would not hang 'em up until 1965, retiring with 175 victories in 202 bouts. The Detroit Lions came back from a seemingly insurmountable 20 points down to defeat the San Francisco 49ers 31-27 in a Western Conference play-off game. They then crushed Cleveland 59-14 in the NFL title game. The Browns did, however, unveil a promising rookie—Jim Brown. The former Syracuse All-America ran for 942 yards in 1957, and a record 12,312 in his nine-year career.



The mature Brown could look back on his rookie season as an NFL rookie

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*Based on Maxwell Report, 1977.

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It was called "the best football game ever played," and it may have been just that. More significantly, it helped transform professional football from a sort of workingman's diversion into a national obsession. Rarely has a single sports event captured and held an audience as dramatically as did the game for the National Football League championship. The Colts won 23-17 when their fullback, Alan Ameche, scored from one yard out eight minutes and 15 seconds into overtime to conclude a masterful 80-yard drive engineered by Quarterback Johnny Unitas. It was the first sudden-death game in the history of the NFL championships. It made Unitas a national hero and it convinced millions of Americans watching on TV that professional football was "The Game."

Baseball, too, was experiencing radical change. On April 15, in San Francisco's Seals Stadium, the former New York Giants beat the former Brooklyn Dodgers 8-0 in the debut of major league ball on the Pacific Coast.

Elgin Baylor's Seattle Chieftans were upset by Kentucky 84-72 in the NCAA basketball final. It was a record fourth title for the Wildcats, and Coach Adolph Rupp termed his squad "just a bunch of fiddlers who turned into violinists." England resumed its ancient America's Cup losing streak after a 21-year hiatus, Scylla bowing to Columbia off Newport, R.I. Australia, France and Sweden tried for the old mug in subsequent years, with no more success. The first U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet was held, in Moscow, and Rafer Johnson set a world record in the decathlon. The undefeated Louisiana State football team got handsome yardage from Halfback Billy Cannon and stout defense from some overschneiders called "The Chinese Bandits." The Tigers won the national championship. The Army team introduced the Lonesome End offense. That end was Bill Carpenter. Halfback Pete Dawkins won the Heisman Trophy.



Unitas went on from "the best game ever" to 14 more seasons as the Colts' rtp qst



Knicker Meley Wright won the LPGA and U.S. Open, and sawy Herb Elliott of Australia set world records in the mile (1:54.5) and the 1,500 (3:16).





Ben Hogan won his first tournament in six years

The Boston Celtics won the first of eight consecutive NBA championships and added a new dimension to the professional game. Bill Russell blocked shots and cleared the boards as none had before and few have since, and his outlet passes to Bob Cousy, the magical veteran, and other nimble Celts made Boston's fast break the most devastating in history. As a fillip, there was the shooting of Bill Sharman, who sank a record 56 consecutive free throws and finished the season shooting 93.2% from the foul line.

In one of the ring's biggest upsets, Ingemar Johansson of Sweden, a 4-to-1 underdog with "thunder and lightning" in his right fist, put heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson down seven times in scoring a third-round knockout. It was the first time a foreigner had won the title since Primo Camera triumphed in 1934. Sugar Ray Robinson "retired" long enough

for Gene Fulmer to K.O. Carmen Basilio and claim the NBA middleweight title, but the Sugar Man would be back soon enough. The newly transplanted Dodgers whipped the "Go-Go" White Sox in six games to win the World Series. More than 92,000 fans saw each of the three games played in the Los Angeles Coliseum, attendance records that probably will never be surpassed. In the regular season, the Pirates' Harvey Haddix pitched 12 perfect innings, only to lose in the 13th to the Braves. A young lefty named Sandy Koufax tied a record held by Bob Feller when he struck out 18 batters in nine innings.

A smallish, slowish and starless team from the University of California, brilliantly coached by Pete Newell, upset Cincinnati and Oscar Robertson in the semifinals and West Virginia and Jerry West in the finals of the NCAA basketball tournament. "My name's Dalton, what's yours?" Cal's Bobby Dalton said, introducing himself to the startled alltime All-America Robertson before the tipoff.

The Colts again defeated the Giants for the NFL championship, this time by 31-16. In August the American Football League was formed, with plans to begin playing in 1960.



In a Yankee Stadium title bout, Johansson's big right tended to obscure his superb defensive skills. Q—Who hit J.H. for the Cincinnati Reds and had a date with destiny? A—Slagger Frank Robinson





Cousy and Russell were the rock-solid foundation on which the Boston dynasty, unsurpassed in basketball, was built



Palmer did more than win tournaments; he made golf exciting for millions who had paid a little heed.

Arnold Palmer, the new Galahad of the links, charged to victory in the Masters, the U.S. Open and five other tournaments, pocketing a record \$75,262.65. In the Open at Denver's Cherry Hills, he came from seven strokes back on the last day, birdieing six of the first seven holes for a 30 on the front nine, and scored a 65 for the round. At the Olympic Games in Rome, Wilma Rudolph, one of 19 sisters and brothers, became the first American woman to win both sprints. She took a third gold medal, anchoring the 400-meter relay team. Running barefoot, Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia won an affecting marathon. A noisy kid from Louisville took the light-heavyweight boxing title.

The Montreal Canadiens won a record fifth straight NHL championship, and Maurice (Rocket) Richard, a wing of volatile mood and towering skill, retired. Another alltimer, Ted Williams, also retired. Bill Mazeroski won a wacky World Series for Pittsburgh with a ninth-inning homer in the seventh game. Floyd Patterson became the first fighter to regain the heavyweight championship when he knocked out Ingemar Johansson in a return match. And into the NBA came a giant among giants, name of Wilt.



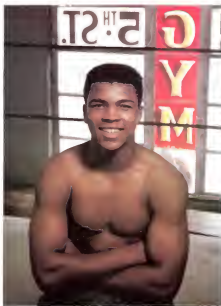
Richard's record of 50 goals lasted for 21 years.



Rudolph came out of Tennessee A&M to triumph at Rose. Earlier she had tied the 100-meter world record (11.5) and set one in the 200 (22.9). No man ever loved who hit as intensely as Williams did, and few swung a bat better than the last 400 batter.



The weather up there was just fine for the rookie scoring champ.



Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr. won eight straight fights in this, his first full year as a professional and both charmed and annoyed boxing fans with his braggadocio. "Who made me—is me," he proclaimed and, though only 19, began making sounds about wresting the heavyweight title from Floyd Patterson. Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs in a season was threatened over the long summer by not one man, but two—Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle of the Yankees. By the end of July Maris had 40 homers and Mantle 39. By Sept. 1 Maris had 51 and Mantle 48. After the 154th game of an American League season lengthened for the first time to 162 games, Maris was one shy of the Babe. The purists contended that he had, therefore, failed, because Ruth hit his 60 in a 154-game schedule.

But Maris kept swinging. He hit No. 60 on Sept. 26 in the 159th game, and in the final game of the season for the Yankees he smote his 61st off Boston's Tracy Stallard. Mantle finished with 54. Yielding to pressure from the Ruth preservation lobby, Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick decreed that an asterisk be placed after Maris' name in the record books and that Ruth should remain in them as the home run king of the 154-game schedule. With Mr. Asterisk and Mantle leading them, the Yankees easily defeated the Reds in the Series, four games to one.

In his first regular-season NFL game, Minnesota rookie Fran Tarkenton passed for four touchdowns and ran for a fifth. The rest of the season was not so easy. The fledgling Vikings finished last in the Western Conference with a record of 3-11. The Green Bay Packers, coached by Vince Lombardi, demolished the Giants in the NFL title game 37-0. In the first AFL championship game, Houston beat the L.A. (later San Diego) Chargers 24-16. George Blanda passed for three touchdowns and kicked a field goal and three points. Russia's Valeri Brumel set a world record of 7' 4 3/4" in the high jump.

Clay was just a youngster but he was already fast of hand and mouth in Miami Beach's 5th St. Gym. Viking rookie Tarkenton showed that nimble feet were as much an asset as a strong arm. The Yankees' Maris shattered a treasured record only to be rewarded with an asterisk.



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Basketball experts were revving about a forward from Missouri who averaged 30.6 points a game for the Princeton freshman team and sank his last 57 free throws. More would be heard of him later. Fellow named Bill Bradley. Peter Snell set a world record of 3:54.4 for the mile on a grass track at Wanganui in his native New Zealand. Bileful Sonny Liston won the heavyweight championship with a first-round knockout of Floyd Patterson in Chicago, and Emile Griffith regained the welterweight title from Benny (Kid) Paret in a fight that ended with Paret helpless on the ropes. He died shortly afterward from injuries suffered in the ring. The Giants, ignited by Willie Mays,

defeated the Dodgers in a dramatic three-game playoff for the National League pennant. Then, in the first World Series ever played in San Francisco, they lost to the Yankees. With the winning runs on base, Bobby Richardson speared Willie McCovey's line drive at second base for the final out. The new Houston Colt .45s brought major league baseball to Texas, and Maury Wills of the Dodgers stole 104 bases to break Ty Cobb's 47-year-old record of 96. Cobb's was set in a shorter season, but there was no talk of asterisks this time. Wilt Chamberlain scored an NBA-record 100 points for Philadelphia against the Knicks.



Bradley was a 6' 3" 210-pounder with class



The sturdy Snell, at once the 800-meter, 880-yard and mile world-record holder, runs on New Zealand's Piha Beach. In '64 he lowered the mile mark by .3.

He was pudgy and blond and rather solemn, and no "Army" followed his charges down the fairway, but Jack Nicklaus was getting his share of Arnold Palmer's action. At 23, Nicklaus became the youngest golfer to win the Masters. He also won the PGA Championship and finished second to Arnie in prize money with \$100,040. The Age of Nicklaus was dawning, and it is with us yet. Another youthful golfer about whom much would be heard later was Judy Torluemike (now Rankin), who, at 18, was the youngest player on the women's tour.

Stan (The Man) Musial retired, finishing his magnificent career with a National League record of 3,630 hits and a lifetime batting average of .331. He led the league in hitting seven times. Early Wynn, at 43, won his 300th game on July 13.

Scotland's Jim Clark became the first Grand Prix driver to win seven major races in a year. At Indy he led a foreign invasion that enlivened the mid-60s. Clark won the 500 in 1965. In one of the wildest Rose Bowl games, USC defeated Wisconsin 42-37, but the Badgers' quarterback, Ron VanderKelen, emerged as a hero, completing 33 passes for 401 yards. Coach of the Year Darrell Royal brought the Southwest its first national football title since 1939. His Texas Longhorns were the sole unbeaten, untied major team, and in the subsequent Cotton Bowl they beat Roger Staubach's Midshipmen. Ernie Davis, the 1961 Heisman Trophy winner from Syracuse, died of leukemia. Although he never played a game for them, the Cleveland Browns retired his No. 45 jersey.



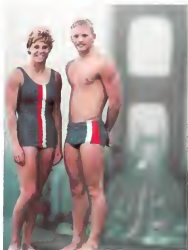
Judy Torluemike would become golf's Rankin lady.



The Giants won another conference title with old buddy, Y. A. Tittle, but a steep slide was near. As for Scottish born, Clark, the world champion driver, donned the family surname. He died in 1968.



After the previous visit at Augusta, Nicklaus won the right to wear the green jacket. Holding off *the young guns*, Tony Lema and veteran Sam Snead the last day.



De Varona and Schollander epitomized U.S. swimming supremacy: The kid who beat Liston would become the world's best-known athlete



In one of the oddest heavy-weight title fights, young Cassius Clay took the championship from Sonny Liston when Liston was unable to answer the bell for the seventh round, claiming a shoulder injury. Clay, who announced after the fight that henceforth he would answer only to his Muslim name, Muhammad Ali, nearly quit himself after the fifth round when he was momentarily blinded by ointment on Liston's gloves. The Clay victory was considered a shocking upset, even with the bizarre finish, because most fight experts had had difficulty taking the clowning youngster seriously. They would later.

Don Schollander became the first swimmer to win four Olympic gold medals, taking the 100- and 400-meter freestyle events and competing on two victorious relay teams at Tokyo. Donna de Varona won two golds, in the 400-meter individual medley and the 400 freestyle relay, in a vintage performance by U.S. track and field athletes. Bob Schul became the first American to win the Olympic 5,000 meters and Billy Mills the first to take the 10,000. Bob Hayes winged to victory in the 100, and Al Oerter won the third of his four discus golds. New Zealand's Peter Snell won both the 800 and the 1,500, and Abebe Bikila—shod this time—repeated his 1960 marathon triumph.

The Yankees won their fifth straight American League pennant, but for the second year in a row they were beaten in the World Series, this time by the Cardinals, who won in seven games. In the aftermath, the Yankees pulled an unprecedented switcheroo, firing their manager, Yogi Berra, and hiring the one who had just beaten them, Johnny Keane of the Cardinals. In so doing, they coined a new axiom: if you can't beat them, have them join you. Ken Johnson of the Colt .45s became the first major league pitcher to lose a no-hitter. At Washington, D.C.'s Congressional Country Club, Ken Venturi nearly wilted in the blistering sun but survived to win the U.S. Open on a 36-hole final day.

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Beat Titleist by 9.8 yards
Beat Blue Max by 9.9 yards
Beat Hogan Leader by 9.8 yards
Beat Titleist PT by 9.0 yards

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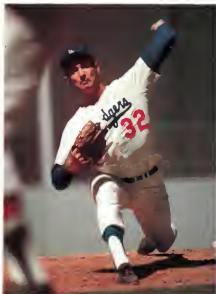
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Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale won 49 games between them to propel the weak-hitting Dodgers, who had but 78 home runs, to the National League pennant in a tight race with the Giants, Pirates and Reds. The slugging Minnesota Twins, meanwhile, breezed to 102 victories in winning the American League pennant, and they defeated both Koufax and Drysdale in the first two games of the World Series. But the Dodgers' Claude Osteen pitched a five-hit shutout in the third game, Drysdale won 7-2 in the fourth and Koufax threw another shutout in the fifth. The Twins beat Osteen in the sixth game, and Dodger Manager Walter Alton was obliged to pick between Koufax and Drysdale for the deciding seventh game. He chose Koufax, who would have only two days' rest. Sandy pitched his second successive shutout and struck out 10 as the Dodgers won 2-0. Earlier in the year Koufax pitched his fourth career no-hitter, a major league record.

In a game at Candlestick Park, Giant Pitcher Juan Manchal conked Dodger Catcher Johnny Roseboro with a bat during an argument at the plate. Jim Maloney pitched two no-hitters for the Reds, losing one of them, and Casey Stengel retired at age 75. The Houston Astrodome opened with an exhibition between the Astros—formerly the Colt .45s—and the Yankees. It was the major leagues' first indoor baseball game.

Joe Namath, the University of Alabama quarterback, signed a \$400,000 contract with the New York Jets of the AFL—an enormous sum at the time—conferring big-time status on the fledgling league. Gale Sayers of the Chicago Bears scored six touchdowns against the San Francisco 49ers in the rain at Wrigley Field. Olympic hero Don Schollander, 18, became the youngest winner of the AAU's Sullivan Award. Gary Player won the Open and Jack Nicklaus the Masters, and Carol Mann took the Women's Open. José Torres won the light-heavyweight boxing championship by knocking out Willie Pastrano.



Koufax put such strain on his arm that he retired after 12 major league years.



The Glasco-bred Alton, a baseball fixture, was in the 11th of what would be 21 one-year contracts to manage the Dodgers.



Drysdale won 23 games for his light-biting team.



Ryun broke through at Berkeley, and a crew-cut Orr broke boldly into the hockey wars.



The Chargers' Beet Latex (Bambi) Alworth led AFL pass receivers with 73 catches

Jim Ryun returned the mile world record to the U.S. for the first time in 32 years when he ran 3:51.3 at Edwards Stadium in Berkeley, Calif., clipping 2.3 seconds off Michel Jazy's record. The purported "Game of the Century" between undefeated Michigan State and Notre Dame ended with more whimper than bang when Irish Coach Ara Parseghian, with the ball in his team's possession and enough time left for at least four passing plays, opted for a 10-10 tie instead of gambling for a win. Parseghian's conservatism paid dividends, though, for, tie or no, his team was named the national champion in the polls despite Alabama's perfect record.

The Baltimore Orioles won their first pennant in 70 years, then swept the Dodgers in the Series. The second game matched Sandy Koufax against 20-year-old Jim Palmer.

Palmer responded to the challenge with a 6-0 win, becoming the youngest pitcher in Series history to throw a shutout. It was also the last game of Koufax's remarkable career. Suffering from arthritis in the elbow of his pitching arm, he retired at age 30. To yet another city went the Braves. Thirteen years after they moved from Boston to Milwaukee, they departed for Atlanta. A crowd of 50,000 watched them lose the first regular-season major league game played in the Deep South.

The Celtics won their eighth consecutive NBA title, and Bill Russell was hired as coach, the first black in NBA history to hold that job. Bobby Hull became the first NHL player to score more than 50 goals in a season. Bobby Orr, who would come to personify a new kind of rushing defenseman, joined the Boston Bruins.

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1966



Notre Dame's Joe Azzano kicks the tying field goal in a Game of the Century that ended in disappointment for the Irish: the Michigan State Spartans and all go-go fans.



Alabama had no restrictions and united seasons behind Kenny Stabler's pinpoint passing. But the pollsters picked the Crimson Tide by and picked Notre Dame as the nation's No. 1 team in college football!



McGee, the surprise hero of the first Super Bowl, bears K.C. Cornerback Willie Mitchell.



Gibson's fallaway delivery accounted for three



Foyt flashed a victory smile at Indianapolis



Series triumph and, ultimately, 251 victories



Through a 326 season Yax did it all in the Red Sox narrowly staved off three pennant trials

The first Super Bowl matched the Green Bay Packers of the NFL with the AFL champion Kansas City Chiefs. After a first half of probing, the powerful Packers, led by Bart Starr, Elijah Pitts and Jim Taylor, asserted themselves, scoring three touchdowns in the final half to win 35-10 before a disappointing crowd of 61,946 in the Los Angeles Coliseum (capacity for the game, 72,000). Max McGee, the Packers' veteran wide receiver, was the unexpected star of the game, catching seven Bart Starr passes for 138 yards and two touchdowns.

The Red Sox, earned manfully for-

ward all year on the shoulders of Triple Crown winner Carl Yastrzemski, fought off the Twins, the Tigers and the White Sox to win their first pennant since 1946 in a thrilling American League race that went down to the final day of the season. The Sox could not sustain their surge through the Series, though, as the Cardinals beat them in seven games. Bob Gibson won three for the champs.

Muhammad Ali was stripped of his heavyweight title for refusing to allow himself to be drafted into the armed services. Ali pleaded that his new Muslim religion would not permit him to fight outside the ring. At Indianapolis,

A. J. Foyt won his third 500. Jim Ryun broke his own mile record with a 3:51.1 in Bakersfield, Calif., a time that would stand until 1975. A game to decide the Pacific Coast's Rose Bowl representative featured USC's O. J. Simpson and UCLA Quarterback Gary Beban. USC won 21-20, then went on to beat Indiana at Pasadena. Notre Dame won its 500th football game, joining Michigan as the only non-Ivy League school to win that many. A daredevil with the improbable name of Evel Knievel cleared 16 automobiles in a motorcycle jump in Gardena, Calif.



Two fists that startled the world—those of Tommye Smith (center) and John Carlos at the Olympics



Kelly skied into the soul of France, and Beamon leapt into long-jump legend. While Kelly dazzled the jet set and made lucrative endorsements, Beamon all but disappeared



The Olympic Games in Mexico City were among the most controversial yet. There were student riots in the streets and a black-power protest inside the stadium. On the victory stand, as the anthem was played, U.S. sprinters Tommye Smith and John Carlos raised black-gloved fists in protest against racial injustice. Smith had won the 200 meters in a world-record 19.8 and Carlos had finished third. Both were suspended from the Games and ordered to leave Mexico within 48 hours. It required a virtually unbelievable long jump by Bob Beamon to brighten the troubled scene. The lanky Beamon jumped 29' 2 3/4", nearly two feet farther than anyone before. At Grenoble, Jean-Claude Killy became the second skier in Olympic history to sweep the Alpine events, matching Sailer's 1956 feat.

Pitching dominated baseball as seldom before, Detroit's Denny McLain won 31 games and lost six to become the first 30-game winner since Dizzy Dean won that many in 1934. Bob Gibson of the Cardinals had a 22-9 record and an earned run average of 1.12, the lowest in 54 years. Gibson had the better of it in the World Series, winning twice and setting strikeout records for a single game (17) and for a Series (35). McLain was only 1-2, but the Tigers beat the Cards in seven games. UCLA's basketball streak ended at 47 games as the Big E, Elvin Hayes, and Houston upset the Bruins, led by Lew Alcindor, before 52,693 spectators, the sport's largest crowd ever. Score: 71-69. With Ali inactive, two heavyweight champions emerged. Joe Frazier knocked out Buster Mathis to become the titleholder in six states, Mexico and South America, and Jimmy Ellis decisioned Jerry Quarry to win the championship of the rest of the world. As the year began, Vince Lombardi's Packers defeated Oakland 33-14 in the second Super Bowl. But in Baltimore, Coach Don Shula would rouse the Colts to a championship season—culminating in January 1969 in the surprise of their lives.

IMPORTED

perrier



The natural conclusion to strenuous exercise.

Today, Man artificially carbonates his beverages.

But not Perrier.

The miracle of Perrier is natural carbonation.

Lighter, more refined, more delicate than any made by Man.

With a crisp, clean, refreshing taste all its own, 100% natural Perrier. The naturally sparkling way to quickly replace body fluids after strenuous exercise.

Traditionally, the deeply-quenching drink of the World Class cyclists after each grueling leg of the 4,000 km *Tour de France*. And the favorite refreshment of many runners in this country today.

Perrier: From a single spring in Southern France.

There, at Source Perrier, both the waters and the natural carbonation of the Source are reunited in a unique bottling process which maintains the level of natural carbonation historically found in the spring.

The result is pure Perrier. Bottled naturally sparkling. With no chemicals, preservatives, flavorings or additives of any type. And no calories.

Chilled, by itself or with a wheel of lemon or a wedge of fresh lime, it is a refreshing alternative to artificially sweetened diet drinks and sugared soft drinks. And, the natural drink to drink when you're "not drinking."

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For a 24" x 36" poster, send a \$5.00 check or money order with your name and address to:
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Ford Fiesta is Europe's most successful new car in history. (Based on new car nameplate sales in the first 24 months.) It's an import buyer's dream. A car that's at home on the San Diego Freeway as well as the high-speed autobahn. Fiesta—Wundercar.

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Performance is what Fiesta is all about. With front wheel drive and Michelin steel-belted radials to help take you up hills, through mud and over ice and snow.

Rack and pinion steering for precise handling.

And acceleration that will

absolutely move you. In Ford tests, 1978 Fiestas accelerated from 0 to 50 MPH in an average of about 9 seconds.

Excellent Fuel Economy.

Fiesta not only gives you great performance, but also excellent fuel economy. EPA estimated mpg is (28). Highway estimate is 39 mpg. Compare this to



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QUICK ACCELERATION



SOLD AND SERVICED AT OVER 5,000 FORD DEALERS

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other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. Calif. mpg is lower. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than estimate.

A Surprise Inside.

Fiesta's 4-passenger design has created more back seat legroom than any other car of its kind.

In addition, Fiesta has excellent luggage space and a fold-down back seat.

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Fiesta is built in Germany and a success throughout Europe, but it's sold and serviced at over 5,000 Ford Dealers and backed by Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Test-

drive a Fiesta and see why we call it Wundercar.



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FORD DIVISION





What a man serves is often a reflection of the man.

Seagram's V.O.

The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

1968



Jerry Kramer hoists Lombardi aloft after the Packer victory over Oakland in Super Bowl II, an existence worthy of the man



The second Grand Slam by Laver was an achievement unparalleled in all the annals of tennis.



Seaver earned the sobriquet Tom Terrific as he and the Mets constructed baseball's miracle.



New York teams brought off two of the most astonishing upsets in sports history. In Super Bowl III the Jets, spurred on by their dashing young quarterback, Joe Namath, defeated the heavily favored Baltimore Colts 16-7. They thus became the first AFL team to win the pro football championship. Three days before the game Namath flatly predicted the victory. Broadway Joe completed 17 of 28 passes for 206 yards and was named the game's most valuable player.

The once laughable Mets, who had never been higher than ninth, finished first in the National League East, de-



feated the Braves in the first year of divisional playoffs and stunned the proud Orioles four games to one in the Series. Tom Seaver won 25 games and lost only seven for the so-called "Miracle Mets." The Mets and the Jets both champions? Not so strange, perhaps, in the year man first stepped on the moon. There were other historic occasions. Bowie Kuhn was named commissioner of baseball, and on April 14 the first regular-season major league game was played outside the U.S. when the expansion Montreal Expos beat the Cardinals 8-7. On Sept. 15 the Cards' Steve Carlton struck out 19 batters

to better by one the major league single-game record shared by Bob Feller and Sandy Koufax. Australia's Rod Laver became the first to win two tennis Grand Slams—the Australian, French, U.S. and Wimbledon titles. Laver's first was in 1962. Rocky Marciano, the retired undefeated heavyweight champion, was killed in a plane crash. The sale of the Philadelphia Eagles for \$16,155,000 was a measure of the increasing prosperity of professional football. Another measure was the cost of Super Bowl commercials—up now to \$135,000 for a minute of air time.



Jackie Stewart won his first world driving title



Namath takes a breather in Super Bowl III, a happening AFL fan, long derided by haughty NFLers, rejoiced in. This strangely familiar ballplayer hit 47 homers for the A's, a team to be reckoned with later on. Ah, yes, Reg.



Robinson had a super Series as the Orioles whipped the Reds. LSU's sugar-soaked Pistol Pete Maravich led all the collegiate scores.

It was Brooks Robinson's World Series. The Orioles' third baseman made one spectacular play after another in the field and hit .429 with two home runs in leading his team to a five-game trouncing of the Reds. The Series was also notable for the phantom tag that Baltimore Catcher Elrod Hendricks made on Bernie Carbo in the sixth inning of the opening game. Hendricks wheeled and tagged the sliding Carbo with his mitt. The ball, however, was in his other hand. Plate Umpire Ken Burkhardt, caught up in a swirl of hurtling bodies and with his back to the play, called Carbo out. "The umpires didn't beat us," said Reds Manager Sparky Anderson. "Baltimore did." So they did, particularly Robinson, whose catch and off-balance throw of Lee May's smash down the line in that crowded sixth inning of Game 1 ranks among the finest fielding plays ever.

This was also the year the American Broadcasting Company invaded weeknight prime time with a sports show, *NFL Monday Night Football*, with the imitable Howard Cosell and

sidekicks Don Meredith and Keith Jackson (later Frank Gifford), instantly captured one-third of the viewing audience and became, in effect, a social institution. Bars and restaurants particularly profited from the additional business the broadcasts brought their way. It was, moreover, the year of the "true-confession" sports book, in which athletes were portrayed not so much as paragons of manly virtue but as individuals as morally frail as the rest of us. The most popular of these was Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*, a candid portrait of ballplayers in action on field and off.

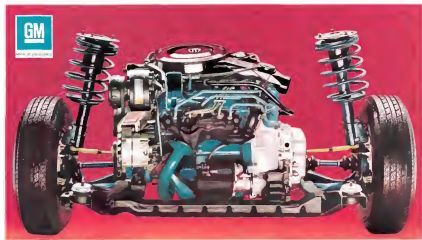
Joe Frazier knocked out Jimmy Ellis to take sole possession of Ali's vacated heavyweight title, and Ali himself returned to the ring following adjudication of his dispute with the government over his draft status. The ex-champion defeated Jerry Quarry and Oscar Bonavena. The New York Knicks, with their "hit-the-open-man" offense, run by such adherents of team play as Walt Frazier, Bill Bradley, Willis Reed and Dave DeBusschere, won the NBA championship. Tom Dempsey, born with only part of a right foot, kicked a record 63-yard field goal to give the New Orleans Saints a 19-17 win over the Lions.



Howard became Monday's household word.

GM's New Front-Wheel-Drive Cars

With a host of standard features including transverse-mounted engine, MacPherson Strut suspension, rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, radial tires and more.



The above photograph contains a remarkable story. It is the heart of the new front-wheel-drive Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark. And it has a number of features that are standard equipment.

Transverse-mounted engine. Because the engine sits sideways, we can reduce overall length, yet design a car with plenty of room for passengers and luggage. The one you see here is the available V-6, a 4-cylinder engine is standard. (These GM-built engines are produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)

MacPherson Strut front suspension. Helps us design a roomier passenger compartment.

Rack-and-pinion steering. Offers quick, easy response.

Front disc brakes. A new low-drag design with audible wear indicators.

Radial tires. A new design with a special rubber compound to lower rolling resistance even more than "conventional" radials.

Delco Freedom® battery. Maintenance-free, never needs water.

Maintenance-free wheel bearings. Completely sealed bearing assemblies are preset for prewear clearance and lubed for life.

And more. The aforementioned features are just some of the standard items you get on these exciting new front-wheel-drive cars. You also get others like self-adjusting brakes, carpeted passenger compartment, Body by Fisher construction and many more.

Take a test drive. If you've never driven a car with front-wheel drive before, we're convinced our front-runners for the '80s offer you a great, new and rewarding experience.

If you have driven front-wheel-drive cars before, well—these are about to bring something brand-new to the hall game.

Look into buying or leasing at your GM dealers today.

GM's Front-Runners for the '80s.

Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega, Buick Skylark.

Winners pick a winner.



Ben Crenshaw knows what it means to play to win. On the golf course, he's a pro all the way. But when it comes to photography, he's just like you. He wants winning pictures, but he doesn't want to get bogged down in technicalities. That's why he uses the Canon AE-1.

It's the one camera that makes it easy to make anyone's pictures look like a pro took them.

No other camera combines the versatility of single-lens

reflex photography with the simplicity, affordability and performance in the AE-1. That's because the AE-1's revolutionary



electronic technology makes creative photography economical and simple as focus and click.

Ben Crenshaw likes winning at everything he does. If you do, too, get the Canon AE-1. And see for yourself what it's like to be a winner.



THE OFFICIAL
SCAM CAMERA OF
THE 1992 OLYMPIC
WINTER GAMES

Canon AE-1

So advanced, it's simple.

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Canon (USA) Inc., 3235 Peachtree Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626. Canon (USA) Inc., 5000 B-S, 10000 Ave. Marconi Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414. Canon Canada & Business Machines Canada, Ltd., Ontario.

Lee Trevino, "The Merry Mex," was the PGA Player of the year. The winner of the British and U.S. Opens and four other PGA tournaments, he earned \$231,202, second only in tour prize money to Jack Nicklaus' \$244,490.50, and his light-hearted antics delighted the galleries. On March 8, Muhammad Ali attempted to reclaim the heavyweight crown

in a bout with Joe Frazier at Madison Square Garden. Despite a gallant effort, the still ring-rusty Ali lost a unanimous decision to Smokin' Joe. Roberto Clemente put all of his considerable talent on display against the Orioles in the World Series, hitting .414 with two homers as his Pirates won four of the last five games after losing the first two. UCLA won the

fifth of its seven consecutive NCAA basketball tournaments under Coach John Wooden. Robyn Smith became the first woman jockey of note at major tracks. Stanford, led by Jim Plunkett, scored a stunning 27-17 upset of Ohio State in the Rose Bowl, and Nebraska was again named the No. 1 college football team.



In 18 years with Pittsburgh, Clemente had a .317 batting average and got precisely 3,000 hits.



Super Mex was Golden's honcho of the year



Wooden had a word with Forward Sidney Wicks.



Comely Robyn Smith started as an actress, but then it was off to the races, where she made a name for herself as a jockey



Frasier fought off Ali's challenge and kept his championship, and Nebraska's Huskers finished on top of the heap in college football for the second straight year

Now Havoline is Supreme.



Havoline Supreme is Texaco's 10W-40 motor oil with a special friction fighter that has been proven in fuel economy tests.

Extensive tests showed that 2 of the leading 10W-40 motor oils advertising extra gasoline mileage couldn't beat Havoline Supreme.

What's more, Havoline Supreme is the motor oil that gives your car trooper-tested protection

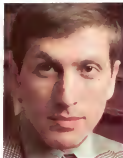
In fact, Havoline Supreme exceeds *all* car manufacturers' warranty requirements for gasoline-powered cars. No wonder we call *this* Havoline Supreme



If you do it yourself, do it with Havoline.



German police, disguised in warship suits, attempted to free Israelis held in the Munich Olympic Village by Palestinian terrorists, but 11 died.



Fischer stirred amazing interest in his guest.

The Black Hawks' Hull took his famed slap shot, score of goals, over to the WHA.

Tragedy darkened the Summer Olympics in Munich as Palestinian terrorists invaded the Olympic Village, abducted and eventually murdered 11 Israelis. The cancellation of the remaining events was proposed, and Egypt, Kuwait and Syria, fearful perhaps of reprisals, dropped out, but the Games continued, if in a somber mood. The American team's misfortunes were confined to the arena. Jim Ryun collided with Billy Ford of Ghana and tumbled to the track during a 1,500-meter heat and was eliminated from competition. American sprinters Eddie Hart and Ray Robinson missed their 100-meter heats when U.S. Sprint Coach Stan Wright gave them incorrect starting times. There were some happier events, though. Frank Shorter became the first American to win the marathon since 1908, and swimmer Mark Spitz won seven gold medals.

continued



WHY TRAVEL THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE IN A BORING CAR?

In America, the average person drives 8,700 miles each year, 87,000 miles each decade and nearly half a million miles in a lifetime.

A staggering prospect. Especially when you consider that most people are doomed to spend these miles in depressingly uninspired cars.

Cars that provide adequate—perhaps even opulent—transportation. But little of the one thing that makes the act of driving something to be enjoyed rather than something to be endured: extraordinary performance.

WHY PEOPLE WHO OWN A BMW ENJOY DRIVING MORE THAN YOU DO

First and foremost, the engineers at the Bavarian Motor Works in Munich, Germany are racing engineers by nature and by profession. Automotive enthusiasts who could not bear to drive a conventional sedan, let alone build one.

So, while the BMW 320i provides all

the practical considerations one expects in a small family sedan, it also provides a driving experience so rare that people who have never before enjoyed driving find themselves seeking out long sweeping curves and challenging back roads.

THE TACTILE REWARDS OF PERFORMANCE

When you drive the BMW 320i for the first time, you will experience a curious sensation of being part of the car itself—an exhilarating feeling of control.

When you press the accelerator, the two-liter, K-Jetronic, fuel-injected engine responds without lag.

The four-speed transmission (automatic is available) is engineered to let you run through the gears with a smoothness and a precision that, for the automotive purist, borders on the esthetic.

Its suspension system—independent on all four wheels—provides the driver with an uncanny feel of the road that is positively unique to BMW.

Its interior is biomechanically engineered to the nth degree. The front seats are shaped to hold their occupants firmly in place, and so thoroughly adjustable that it is all but mathematically impossible to not find a proper and comfortable seating position.

All controls are easy to reach, the driver has an unobstructed view of the instrument panel.

Even the interrelationship between pedal placement and pressure has been carefully balanced to reduce driver fatigue.

If the thought of owning a small, practical family sedan that's exciting to drive intrigues you, call us at 800-243-6000 (Connecticut 1-800-882-6500) and we'll arrange for a thorough test drive at your convenience.



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.
Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany

NEW!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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Rich Taste-Low Tar

***"Taste Real's new golden taste!
Richer...mellower than before"***

Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.
A taste that's pure gold.

The smoking man's low tar

establishing world records in each of his races Dave Wottle won the 800 meters while sporting a golf cap, which, to his considerable embarrassment, he failed to doff on the victory stand during the playing of the anthem. Russian Gymnast Olga Korbut won two gold medals and transformed television watchers into gymnastics fans. In Reykjavik, Iceland, Bobby Fischer became the first American to win the world chess championship, defeating a Soviet opponent, Boris Spassky. Hockey superstar Bobby Hull of Chicago jumped the NHL for the World Hockey Association, accepting a reported \$2.75 million to play for Winnipeg The A's, now in Oakland, won their first World Series since 1930—when they were the Philadelphia Athletics—by beating the Reds. The baseball season had opened late because of a players' strike. Roberto Clemente got his 3,000th hit, a double, on Sept. 30. It would be his last. On Dec. 31 he

was killed in a plane crash while taking off on a relief mission to Nicaragua. In the NFL, the Miami Dolphins became the first team to go undefeated in a 14-game season.

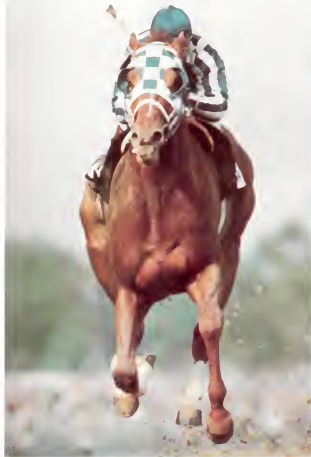


Spitz dominated Olympic swimming as no one before and also became the year's pos-up boy as a bestselling poster displaying his medals

Cheryl Fergin delighted a growing audience of women fans. In 1972 SF's annual fat-and-skin issue would be its No. 1 letter-provoker



Perpetual superior Rick Barry averaged 41.5 points and led the New York Nets into the ABA playoffs, where they lost to the Indiana Pacers.



Secretariat, ridden by Ron Turcotte, thundered to the wire at a record 1:59½ in the Kentucky Derby.

Secretariat became the first horse in 25 years to win the Triple Crown, setting track records in both the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont and establishing a new high for money earned in a year: \$860,404. In a match P. T. Barnum might have staged, Billie Jean King, representing womanhood, defeated Bobby Riggs, representing middle-aged manhood, in straight sets in the



King easily beat bawpious Riggs (below, be-wigged) 6-4, 6-3, 6-3 in a \$100,000 wintertake-all match in Houston's Astrodome.



so-called "Battle of the Sexes" before 30,472 at the Houston Astrodome. Ms. King arrived for the match carried aloft, Cleopatra-like. Riggs was wheeled courtward in a ricksha. Billie Jean gave Bobby, the 55-year-old former U.S. singles champion, a live pig (male chauvinist species) in retaliation for his remarks about the quality of women's tennis.

"The Juice"—O. J. Simpson—gaining more than 200 yards in each of his last two games, shattered Jim Brown's NFL rushing record of 1,863 yards by advancing for 2,003.

The Miami Dolphins, with a masterful coach (Don Shula), quarterback (Bob Griese) and running game (Larry Csonka, Jim Kick), rounded out a 17-game undefeated season—including playoffs—by defeating the Washington Redskins in Super Bowl VII, 14-7. A Swedish teen-ager, Bjorn Borg, became the hit of Wimbledon by reaching the quarterfinals. Huking George Foreman K.O.'d Joe Frazier in the second round of their bout in Kingston, Jamaica to win the heavyweight championship, but Muhammad Ali's comeback was further stalled when he lost a 12-round split decision to Ken Norton, who broke the former champ's jaw in an early round. The Oakland A's, fighting each

other as often as the opposition, won a second straight World Series. The designated-hitter rule was introduced, but only in the American League. The National League would have no part of it. On Oct. 27 the Alabama football team set an NCAA record by rushing for 743 yards against Virginia Tech in a 77-6 victory at Tuscaloosa.



Sheila Young raced to a world cycling title.



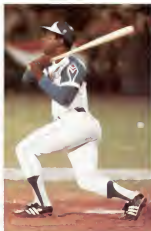
Larry Csonka led Miami to a Super Bowl win.



"The Juice" squirts to an NFL rushing mark in New York. Young Borg charmed the galleries at Wimbledon with his skill and Nordic good looks.



At 45, Gordie Howe, once Detroit's superstar, was still alive and scoring with the Houston Aeros of the WHA.



With this swing in Atlanta, Aaron surpassed Babe Ruth.



Foreman could not solve the Ali "rope-a-dope," and when he tired Ali had him at his mercy.

In the fourth inning of the Atlanta Braves' home opener with the Dodgers, Henry Aaron hit an Al Downing fastball into left centerfield. It was the 715th home run of his career, one more than Babe Ruth had hit. By surpassing the Babe's supposedly unsurpassable record, Aaron assured himself a measure of immortality, but he was typically unaffected. "Right now it feels like just another home run," he said dryly. It obviously was not. Aaron had tied Ruth at 714 on the opening day of the season in Cincinnati by hitting one off Jack Billingham. It was a baseball season for records: Lou Brock stole 118 bases, bettering Maury Wills' 1962 record of 104. Charlie Finley's A's won their third World Series in a row, defeating the Dodgers in five games to become the first team to win that many Series in succession since the Yankees took five, from 1949 through '53. Employing yet another new tactic, the "rope-a-dope," Muhammad Ali knocked out George Foreman in the eighth round at Kinshasa, Zaire, to regain his heavyweight championship. Instead of floating like a butterfly and stinging like a bee, Ali let Foreman punch himself out in the early rounds as he lay against the ropes covering up. When Foreman finally grew arm-weary, Ali lashed out with a sudden flurry, and it was all over. He thus became only the second champion in history to regain the heavyweight title after losing it.

Sweethearts Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert won the men's and women's singles championships at Wimbledon. Skipped by Ted Hood, the American yacht *Courageous* beat Australia's *Southern Cross* as the U.S. remained undefeated in America's Cup competition. On Dec. 14 in an NHL game between the St. Louis Blues and the New York Rangers, 246 penalty minutes were assessed, 180 in the third period alone. Only eight players were available to finish the game, which was won by the Blues 6-2. Crime paid handsomely in hockey, though: violent Philadelphia won the Stanley Cup.

TAKE A LAP IN LUXURY.

DATSUN 280-ZX.

IMPORT CAR OF THE YEAR

— MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE.

Datsun invents a new formula for Grand Touring. Take one part Z—the world's No. 1 sports car—and wed it to thrilling luxury. Result: You're in a Grand Touring tour de force. And in total command, with five-speed stick—and cruise control. Power steering with four wheel power disc brakes. All mated to six cylinders of fuel-injected fury. **AWESOME!**

You sit in the lap of luxury with plush velour buckets

that fit you like a glove, and an extraordinary list of amenities: AM/FM four speaker stereo. A computer driven maintenance checkout system. A dazzling display of aircraft-type gauges, dials, switches, meters and pushbuttons. All this and more!

No wonder Motor Trend said: "All cars have their faults. In the case of the new ZX, they're almost nonexistent."

What price such perfection? Aha! Thousands less than you'd expect. In fact, you can own a new 280-ZX for about half the price of some cars it outclassed to become Import Car of the Year!

The new Z car. You must take a test lap—in luxury. From the worldwide Nissan Motor Co., Ltd., a name that stands for quality.

**NOBODY DEMANDS MORE
DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN**



1974



Lou Brock had a larcenous look.



Connors courted Evert on Wimbledon's courts.



Charlie O' with (clockwise) Fingers, Rudi, Blue, Tenace, Compasetti, Hunter, Bando, Jackson.



"Courageous" was unbeatable as she defended the America's Cup against the Australian challenger.

EXPERIENCE THE 19TH CENTURY.

One of the gifts of the 19th century (along with Tchaikovsky, Tolstoi, others) was the ritual of the "family silver." It was in those elegant times when bringing out the "family silver" came to mean a profound or joyous occasion was at hand, one that called for something beyond the ordinary.

A few of the more hallowed rituals that evolved over the generations are shown below. Next time you take out the Smirnoff Silver (it traces directly back to the original formula) observe the jewel-like flash of icy-cold Silver pouring into your glass. Smooth, with a unique 90.4 proof. Prepare to taste history.

THE ONE CONFESSION TO MODERNITY FOR THE SILVER DRINKER YOUR FREEZER TAKES THE PLACE OF THE NORTH WINTER FOR CHILLING BOTTLE AND GLASSES

FREEZING SILVER PLUS A THIRD OF A TURN ON THE PEPPER MILL AND YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO COUNT THE GRAINS

THOROUGHLY BLOT ONE BLACK OLIVE. CHILL EVEN FURTHER WITH ONE OUNCE OF ICY SILVER AND ICE

FOR THE UNCOMPROISING NEAR NEARBY FREEZING PREFFERABLY IN A 19TH CENTURY GLASS. A 19TH CENTURY FRAME OF MIND IS ESSENTIAL

THE KEY TO SUCCESS HERE OF COURSE IS TO DRY THE ONIONS THEN INUNDATE THEM WITH ICY SILVER

SMIRNOFF SILVER
SO FULL OF HISTORY
YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE IT.



At age 31 Ashe played some of the finest tennis of his career for a Wimbledon upset over Connors.

In a startling upset, Arthur Ashe defeated Jimmy Connors 6-1, 6-1, 5-7, 6-4 for his first Wimbledon championship. Billie Jean King won her sixth women's singles title. Chris Evert won the U.S. Open and earned \$425,000-plus for the year. The long-deprived Pittsburgh Steelers began a two-year reign as Super Bowl champions, throwing up a defensive "Steel Curtain" and brining off chunks of yardage with Terry Bradshaw's passes. Pelé, the legendary Brazilian soccer star, unretired to play for the Cosmos of the North American Soccer League, giving soccer in the U.S. its biggest boost so far.

In a memorable World Series the Reds defeated the Red Sox four games to three. Almost every game was a thriller, especially the sixth, which Boston won on a 12th-inning homer by Carlton Fisk off the leftfield foul pole. Frank Robinson became major league baseball's first black manager, and in his first game as boss he got a home run as the designated hitter to lead his Cleveland Indians to a 5-3 win over the Yankees. Nolan Ryan pitched his fourth no-hitter, tying him with Sandy Koufax for the major league record. Muhammad Ali made it two out of three over Joe Frazier to bring their savage rivalry to a close, winning the "Thrilla in Manila" on a 14th-round TKO.



Only Bradshaw's choppers were incomplete.



He Nastyre was not really saying, "We're No. 1" with this all-too-familiar gesture, once entirely beyond the pale, but that's pretty much what Will McEnaney had in mind as he rode Johnny Bench



Pelé got a boot out of energizing the U.S.



Richard Petty repeated as NASCAR champion.

Druce Jenner won the decathlon and mile-record holder John Walker the 1,500, but 14-year-old Nadia Comaneci of Romania stole the show at the Montreal Olympics, scoring the first perfect 10 in gymnastics history and winning three gold medals. Julius Erving, the "Dr. J" of the champion New York Nets, was named the MVP in the

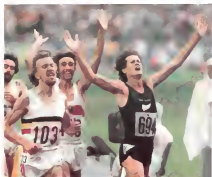
American Basketball Association's last year. In June the ABA merged with the established NBA. Later the Philadelphia 76ers paid \$6.5 million for Dr. J.

The balletic pass receiving of Lynn Swann and a tight defense gave the Steelers Super Bowl X, 21-17 over Dallas. Yankee Stadium, remodeled at a cost of some \$100 million, re-

opened, and the Yanks, managed by Billy Martin, responded by winning their first pennant in a dozen years. In the Series, however, they were swept in four games by the Reds. Charlie Finley's sales of Vida Blue to the Yanks for \$1.5 million and Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers to Boston for \$1 million each were vetoed by Kuhn.



Jenner had something to shout about in Montreal



Walker edged Belgium's Van Damme (103) in the 1,500



Comaneci was Olympic perfection as she won the applause of television viewers worldwide

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Avon Championship Tennis meant record-making and record-breaking, right from the start. The world's largest beauty company became the sponsor of a major women's tour—and created the richest event in women's tennis! Avon's a natural in women's sports. Because when a woman is active, involved, she feels good about herself. And when a woman feels good, she looks terrific. And that's our business.

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Two years ago, she grabbed the first Avon Futures title. This year, Tracy Austin took home the Avon Championships' \$52,000 second prize—and total circuit winnings of \$123,250.

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Avon trophy celebrates first 100 years of women's tennis.

The silver Avon Championships trophy was hand-crafted in London in 1879—that was the year women's tennis was first officially recognized. In 1979, our champion won it before the largest audience in the history of women's tennis. Madison Square Garden packed in a record crowd of 13,752 people—and an estimated 3.2 million watched the final Championships match on nationwide TV. Now that's recognition!



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AVON

Women's tennis never looked so good.

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The rich low 'tar.'

Taste richness you never thought
you'd get in low 'tar.'

Kings and 100's.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Once an esoteric pastime pursued by loters, distance running became a national craze, as exemplified by this mob scene in the mellow old Boston Marathon



Graceful Lynn Swann, here putting in a pass from Bradshaw, led the Steelers past Dallas.

Dr. J slam-dunked the Nuggets in the ABA's championship game; then both he and his league joined forces with the NBA Establishment.



Clockwise: Carew won his sixth batting title. Austin, 14, became tennis' youngest star; Walton teamed with Abdul-Jabbar, and young Castlen joined oldsters Shoemaker (left) and Johnny Longden among the elite of jockeydom



Two teen-agers captured the fancy of the public. At 14, Tracy Austin became the youngest player to make the Top 10 in women's tennis, the youngest to win a professional tournament singles championship, the youngest to enter the U.S. Open, where she reached the quarterfinals, and the youngest to play at Wimbledon. And Steve Cauten, who turned 17 in May, electrified racing by becoming the nation's leading rider, bringing home purses amounting to a record \$6 million.

Tom Watson won the Masters and his second British Open, amassing \$310,653 as the PGA tour's leading money-winner. Bill Walton, injury-free for the first time in his pro basketball career, played brilliantly in leading the team-oriented Portland Trail Blazers to the NBA championship over the Philadelphia 76ers. Walton was named the series' MVP. Los Angeles' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar repeated as the league's MVP. Seattle Slew became the first undefeated horse to win the Triple Crown. Reggie Jackson gave an awesome performance as the Yankees defeated the Dodgers in the World Series. Jackson hit homers in his last four official times at bat—all on first pitches—and five overall to set Series records. His three homers in the final game tied him with Babe Ruth for most hit in one Series game. Rod Carew, whose .388 average was the highest in 20 years, won his sixth league batting title.

At Indianapolis, A. J. Foyt took the 500 for a record fourth time. Bill Rodgers won his second straight New York City Marathon over a record field of 4,823. The Chicago Bears' Walter Payton set an NFL single-game rushing record by gaining 275 yards against the Minnesota Vikings on Nov. 20, surpassing the record of 273 held by O. J. Simpson. In Pasadena, Ken Stabler's Oakland Raiders won their first Super Bowl and Fran Tarkenton's Vikings lost their fourth, by a crushing 32-14 before a record 103,438 spectators and a TV audience of 81 million, at the time the largest ever to watch a sports event.

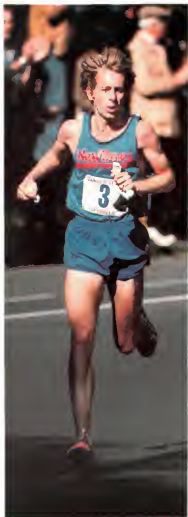
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The spirit of Canada:
We bottled it.

1977



Rodgers was indisputably the king of the road.



Jockey Jean Cruguet rode undefeated Seattle Slew to victory in the Triple Crown races.



The crowd was behind him as a jubilant Watson exulted at the British Open.



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⁴¹1985 EPA estimate. Remember: Compare this estimate with estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may vary due to speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded. ⁴²Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Excludes destination charge, dealer preparation, and taxes. Radio stereo optional at \$450.00. Map Wheels optional at \$250.00. ⁴³Based on EPA Interior Passenger Space Index divided by overall length.

Renault



Affirmed defeated Alydar at Belmont in one of racing's great duels to complete the Triple Crown.



Lopez was not often recumbent in a charismatic record-setting year on the Women's tour.



Nicklaus won his 17th major golf championship.

Pete Rose hit safely in 44 consecutive games to tie a National League record set in 1897 by Wee Willie Keeler. Earlier Rose became the 13th player to get 3,000 hits. After the season he left Cincinnati and signed a \$3.2 million contract with the Phillies. The Yankees switched managers in midstream—Bob Lemon for Billy Martin—and, trailing the Red Sox by 14 games as late as July 19, caught and beat them in a playoff game for the division title. The Yankees defeated the Dodgers again in the Series. Jack Nicklaus won his third British Open—his 17th major victory—and Gary Player his third Masters. Nancy Lopez transformed the women's golf tour by winning nine tournaments, five in a row. In February, Muhammad Ali lost the heavyweight title to young Leon Spinks, then won it back in September to become the only man to win it three times. Montreal's Guy Lafleur won his third straight NHL scoring title (132 points), but his 60 goals, a personal best, did not threaten the record of 76 set by Boston's Phil Esposito in 1971.



At 47, Player had the fans cheering again.



Mario Andretti won the world driving title. With Roger Staubach in fine form, the Cowboys had a solid 27-10 Super Bowl win over the Broncos.



Belly-sliding Pete Rose gave the fans something to remember in his last year in Cincinnati.



Coe won a brilliant mile for Britain, Martin was Yankee manager again and Borg made his tennis supremacy unassailable by winning his fourth Wimbledon.



As the quarter-century waned, Roger Bannister's youthful countryman, Sebastian Coe, 22, brought the mile record full circle back to England. Competing in Oslo against a splendid field that included record holder John Walker, Coe lowered Walker's mark by 4 of a second to 3:49. The New Zealander finished sixth. Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan, who had set an indoor record of 3:52.6 in February, ran fourth. Twelve days before the mile, on the same track, Coe had broken Alberto Juantorena's 800-meter world record by a full second with a 1:42.4. At Wimbledon, Bjorn Borg won the singles championship for the fourth year in a row, the first man to do so in modern times.

Woody Hayes' stormy 28-year career as Ohio State football coach ended on a sour note when he was sacked after punching a Clemson player during the Gator Bowl game. Billy Martin, like Hayes no stranger to controversy, had better luck. Fired 11 months earlier and replaced by Bob Lemon as Yankee manager, Martin returned in June to replace his replacement. He was supposed to be back in 1980 anyway, but owner George Steinbrenner decided a return to the old order—or disorder—was indicated sooner.

College basketball's two finest players met in the NCAA finals, and Earvin (Magic) Johnson and his Michigan State teammates beat Larry Bird and Indiana State 75-64. That ended the Sycamores' winning streak at 33 games. Montreal won a fourth straight Stanley Cup, but clearly the best hockey team in the world was the Soviet club that humiliated a team of NHL All-Stars in a three-game series in New York. All in all, there was perhaps no better exemplar of man's will to excel, to stretch the boundaries of mind and muscle, than a beanpole of a Californian named Bryan Allen. As pilot and engine of a fragile flying machine called the Gossamer Albatross, he flew the English Channel. It was the first such crossing in "human-powered" flight, an ancient obsession.



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**WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY
TO WIN.**

1979



Magic Johnson cut a classy hoop figure in the NCAA finals against Bird (right). Hayes got the gain after he took a punch at a Clemson player



Allen pedaled manfully to keep his gossamer wings above the Channel at his epochal passage from the white cliffs above Folkestone to Cap Gris-Nez.

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BARRIER

The man who achieved perhaps the most notable record of the century reflects on milers who followed him, on the uses and abuses of sport and on the human spirit

by SIR ROGER BANNISTER

CONTINUED

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Why did we ever try to break the four-minute-mile barrier in 1954? Fifty-eight years of modern sport had passed since the revival of the Olympic Games in 1896, and athletes had been edging toward this goal, the simple act of putting one foot after another faster than any man had done before. Partly it was the time we lived in: the 1950s were an age of exploring and attempting to smash physical barriers in a world liberated from war in which we were neither soldiers nor bombed and rationed civilians. My first unsuccessful world-record bid was in 1953, the year Queen Elizabeth II was crowned. Everest was unclimbed, the world not yet navigated by a single-handed non-stop sailor and the moon landing only dreamed of.

My two university companions, Chris Brasher and Chris Chataway, and I perhaps seemed more privileged than we actually were. We were labeled young Elizabethans, possessing more than a touch of single-mindedness, optimism and that now unfashionable quality, patriotism. Breaking world athletic records offered us an opportunity of intensely personal achievement. Pindar, the Greek poet, captured this idea when he wrote in 500 B.C.: "Yet that man is happy and poets sing of him who conquers with hand and swift foot and wins the greatest of prizes by steadfastness and strength." Nineteen fifty-four was my *annus mirabilis*, with the four-minute mile, beating John Landy at the British Empire Games in Vancouver and winning the European 1,500-meter championship.

I ran almost daily for the next 20 years, but I never competed again. Astonishment at that decision would have been quickly allayed if the questioner had glimpsed my life. As an intern at St. Mary's Hospital, in London, I looked after some 50 "beds," a round-the-clock schedule which permitted only a few snatched hours of sleep. It was a punishing (and since much-revised) make-or-break initiation to a teaching-hospital training for a consultant physician, but also an enormously rich and enthralling experience. Medicine, and neurology in particular, the teasing, endless puzzle of how the brain controls, as it does, our every thought and activity, has captivated me to this day.

Since 1954 there has been a revolution in athletic train-

ing. Instead of working out for half an hour five days a week, athletes now run for up to three hours a day over two sessions. As a result of this longer, harder training and faster synthetic tracks, the world mile record has been lowered by several great athletes, whom I have enjoyed meeting and watching in action. Herb Elliott took the largest slice from the record, lowering it by 2.7 seconds to 3:54.5 in 1958, though Peter Snell was probably the stronger mile-r. He brought the record to 3:54.1 in 1964. But I rate Jim Ryan as the most talented natural runner, though he was not the best competitor. Ryan was only 19 when he ran 3:51.3. For this record he was aided by the technique of altitude training, which athletes stumbled upon when faced with the prospects of the Mexico City Olympics, held at 7,500 feet. In preparation, in 1967 Ryan went to a training camp at 7,400 feet. Then twice within six weeks he raced at sea level and lowered world records on each occasion. Unfortunately, this preparation was to no avail in the Olympics, and it was a sad sight when Ryan was beaten in the final, altitude having wrecked any predictability.

Filbert Bayi of Tanzania brought the record down to 3:51. He illustrates a second factor responsible for distance record-breaking: the advantage of Africans dwelling at high altitudes. Even while they sleep they are training their bodies to transport oxygen efficiently from the thin air to their muscles. A wise athlete of the future will choose African parents to gain this environmental advantage!

Lake Snell, John Walker, another great mile runner from the past two decades, comes from New Zealand, which has a healthy antipodean Anglo-Saxon tradition of sport. He brought the record below 3:50 (3:49.4), but his Montreal Olympic gold medal in the 1,500 was somewhat tarnished by the fact that Bayi had been withdrawn from the race, robbed of his chance by African politicians using their sportsmen as pawns in a political battle against *apartheid*.

Within two weeks last month, Sebastian Coe, a 22-year-old economics student, brought back to Britain both the 800-meter and mile world records. Just when we were beginning to believe that progress would come only from runners with massive physiques like that of Alberto Juantorena, the Cuban whose 800-meter record Coe broke, the slightly built Coe ran both races with an apparent ease that is a promise of more records to come. It is certain that world-record milers of the future must be capable of running very fast 800-meter races. With nearly a billion Chinese and more than 600 million Indians waiting in the wings and about to enter the world sports stage, I foresee a continuous and steady progress in athletic record-breaking. A 3:30 mile by the turn of the century is not impossible, provided some harmony still prevails in our uneasy world and that the sheer stupidity of political chicanery is held at bay.

Shakespeare spoke of "vaulting ambition," and brilliant technical advances at times enable athletes to vault beyond the records of others. Dick Fosbury gave a new angle to the slope of the progress curve for the high jump when he flung himself backward over the bar, adroitly lowering his center of gravity. So started a new trend. Similar ingenuity, this

continued



Today Sir Roger is a London neurologist. He no longer runs, but rides a bike for the "sense of muscles happily tired."

time exploiting the tensile elasticity of fiber glass, enabled pole vaulters to flick themselves higher, dramatically hand-standing at the top of their poles to bring about 18-foot vaults never predicted in the '50s.

Is there any record that may never be broken? Possibly Bob Beamon's Mexico City long jump. With a sublime disdain for the conventional niceties of record-breaking almost amounting to impertinence, he leaped 29' 2½", omitting the distance of 28 feet altogether, to leave the existing record of 27' 4¾" way behind him. Ernst Jökl, a medical expert on record-breaking, called this a "mutation" performance, the product of excellence, low air resistance and reduced gravity. Unless the International Olympic Committee is unwise enough to take the Games to altitude again, this record may last forever, though in fairness it should be labeled "altitude assisted."

The public needs a sharp reminder that every single person who achieves Olympic selection is an exceptional human being. For a tiny handful of athletes to detach themselves from the already exceptional is a glorious feat indeed, though distinction is not always achieved by victory alone. Occasional personalities are so unusual and captivating in mind and physique that they stamp themselves on the collective memory of the world (a Nurmi, a Zatopek, a Comaneci). This amazing factor transcends national loyalties. No journalist, however eager to boost the home team, fails to recognize immediately this spark. A salutary generosity is

dredged from the most chauvinistic, who can salute not just the victor (though this helps) but also his character.

So far this has been a cheerful view of man's relentless striving after excellence, his international cooperation, his inventive technical genius in elevating further what is, in essence, play, within complex and agreed rules. But there is a darker, less promising side. Progress that brings the use of medical science to aid the injured athlete or advise the marathon runner on diet and training also brings knowledge of drugs that extend unfairly and dangerously the limits of performance, like evils released from a Pandora's box. Some athletes will pay almost any price for success. Harold Connolly, the Olympic hammer champion, testified before a U.S. Senate subcommittee that he had taken anabolic steroids and regretted having run the risk of developing medical problems that steroids can cause. These include impotence and liver damage. Anabolic steroids are a blight on sport. They turned the 17-stone heavyweights of the 1950s into the 22-stone superheavyweights of the 1970s, involving a grotesque distortion of the human frame. While I was chairman of Britain's Sports Council, I was fortunate enough to have the chance to launch a counterattack on this abuse. Some of our best chemists developed antibodies to detect the known synthetic male hormone preparations. Tests were applied by the international governing bodies; more than a dozen offenders have already been suspended. Despite the protests of those who have been disqualified, I am satisfied

continued



Prime Minister Churchill congratulates Bannister and his pacesetters, Brasher (left) and Chataway, on the historic mile

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that, properly conducted, the testing is foolproof. I rate these scientific tests highly, and I feel that athletes must not be duped into forfeiting their own healthy future by being persuaded to pay such a desperate price for fame.

There is almost no branch of sport in which the suspicion of drugs has not been raised, most recently among young female gymnasts: here, drugs may delay puberty and so produce the "elfin" type of physique so suited to this attractive sport. The battle against drugs is not a short, sharp skirmish but will be a long-drawn-out campaign needing continuing administrative and pharmacological resources to introduce on a world scale even more sophisticated tests against the few pharmacologists and doctors who are prepared to prostitute their knowledge to gain illegal advantage for their teams. The price of eternal vigilance in sport is going to be high indeed in the next decade.

I am always bombarded with questions about amateurism. I was lucky to live in a day when I could slip out of St Mary's in the lunch hour, race around a track for half an hour and then be back for the two o'clock ward round. It was quite ordinary for all of us to be terribly hard up, and if all your friends are in the same boat it is no great privation. We had no cars and cycled everywhere. This was the pattern of our days. Daley Thompson of England, who comes from a very deprived background, is an Olympic decathlon favorite. He has a business friend who was quoted as saying he was seeking funds to buy Thompson a house "in the interest of his mental well-being." His is the most demanding of all events. He must train many hours each day to have any chance of success, and I do not begrudge him the financial support he needs to fulfill his great potential. The IOC, since Avery Brundage's retirement has changed its mind about amateurism and now permits almost any broken-time financial compensation the national governing bodies approve as reasonable. This applies in Western democracies as well as in Socialist Eastern states. I do not quarrel with any of this. Of course it is far from the old-fashioned system.

But the capacity to pay what amounts to a living wage to sportsmen depends on the economic wealth of the country and the importance it attaches to sporting success and prestige. At present, a promising Third World athlete who wants to participate in sport full time might as well whistle in the wind unless his other abilities take him into teaching physical education. Financial compensation is a step toward the goal of equality of opportunity for all to take part in sport, and a reduction in the double-dealing into which athletes have been unwillingly drawn, but it would be healthy if a certain code of moderation could be hammered out. My blood freezes at the thought of athletics becoming one frenetic big-money deal as corrupting for the player as the onlooker. And I must add a warning. Time and again I have noticed that a runner who forsook a part-time job to spend every waking hour on sport was rewarded by a marked deterioration of performance caused by hypochondria and staleness. It may be that some mental stimulus is necessary to counterbalance the concentration on physical perfection.

More worrying than the passing of amateurism are the

dangers of the increasing size of international events like the Olympics. This brings commercial exploitation (whose running shoes are clasped on the rostrum?) and the abuse by pressure groups seeking a platform with a ready-made television audience of hundreds of millions. I shall never forget the anguish of Munich, with 11 Israelis slain by Palestinian gunmen, and Avery Brundage deciding, rightly in my view, that, despite all, the Games should continue.

Sport is now too important commercially to be isolated from the world of political events. Though the tradition of suspending hostilities during the Olympics was said to apply in the ancient world, it was a principle more honored in the breach than the observance. I have some sympathy with African countries demonstrating to the world the strength of their feelings against apartheid with one of their few weapons, but it is certain that such boycotts also damage African countries by denying the world the chance to see the brilliance of their athletes. Taking part might result in greater sympathy for their cause instead of the irritation occasioned by last-minute withdrawals. A further consideration is the bitterness of the athletes themselves when boycotts occur. Perhaps the participation of the African countries in the 1978 Commonwealth Games in Edmonton after they had boycotted the 1976 Montreal Olympics is a good omen.

The self-perpetuating nature of the IOC, with members who are immune to the mundane pressures on politicians who have to seek re-election, has much merit. It has a better chance than a more "political" body of ensuring that Olympic host countries do not break the promises they have made about the proper conduct of the Games. Individual countries are free to choose not to go to Russia if they find the country's views abhorrent, but their complaint is not really directed against Soviet sport, and so I do not see why sport should bear the odium of every other supposed or actual misdeed. If the total acceptance of a country's political views were necessary, no Games would ever be held anywhere. Those who say with hindsight that athletes, had they known the coming horrors of Hitler, could have altered the course of history by refusing to go to the Berlin Olympics in 1936 are wrong. The overriding memory of those Games is Jesse Owens' four gold medals, putting paid to Hitler's view of Aryan supremacy.

Moreover, the beneficial effects of the Olympics are more pervasive than is generally recognized. The Soviet Union has already planned discotheques to cater to the evening needs of hordes of Western tourists. This may not seem the best advertisement for Western civilization, but is a tiny relaxation of Soviet disapproval of Western mores.

My crystal ball reveals no clear pattern for the Olympic Games after Los Angeles. Initially a most reluctant host, that city promises a "Spartan" show. With £1 thousand million (\$1.5 billion) spent on 7,000 competitors and 10,000 members of the press at Montreal, the Olympic Games reached their peak of cost, and such massive affairs will probably be succeeded after Moscow and Los Angeles by Olym-

continued

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pics with fewer sports in smaller stadia. This would ensure rotation of the Games beyond the superpowers, so fulfilling better the Olympic ideal of broadcasting the benefits of sport. It would also ensure that the facilities were used after the Games, unlike some accommodations that have lain sadly idle after recent Olympics.

What sports can be spared from the Olympics? I see a return toward the core of traditional individual events in the ancient Olympic Games, and the removal of some team sports. I would favor a continuity of rotation through the Third World, though countries with unsuitable climates or political instability would exclude themselves. I would not at this stage favor any return to a permanent site in Greece.

Despite the problems that threaten the Games, I remain an enthusiastic and optimistic Olympian. To have taken part in the Helsinki Olympics in 1952 was one high point of my own career—even though I was beaten into fourth place. To have attended and watched six Olympic Games since then has left me with memories of pathos and drama far above the petty ordinariness of so much of life.

In all the avalanche of criticism of international sport it is often forgotten that every athlete who participates becomes a bulwark back in his own country against accepting complete lies about another country. Once you have competed on the track and queued for food and joked in the shower room you can no longer be persuaded that a foreigner has two horns and a forked tail. In this sense, sporting exchanges are one great hope for the world, and it is in the deepest interests of the world for them to continue.

The revolution that has taken place in top-level sport in the last 20 years has been mirrored by another dramatic change. In the early '60s the British Sports Council examined ways of getting people to take part in sport. Sports facilities in Western democracies have always been the Cinderella of public spending and have been left to local clubs, often sadly impoverished. In Britain it was hardly surprising that there were so few aspiring athletes, with only half a dozen adequate running tracks in existence and 60% of the swimming pools having been built, in Victorian times, linked with the idea of cleanliness rather than healthy recreation.

Almost all our schools had fine facilities and compulsory games. Just why did adult participation wither away to a feeble 10%? Great urban conglomerations and our changeable climate often made the use of playing fields unattractive, but sociological research showed that the vast majority of people yearned to use their leisure more actively. We promoted the indoor sports center—a multipurpose building able to cater to 22 sports and often incorporating a swimming pool. Simple restaurants, stage facilities and nurseries filled out the picture, making our council's rallying cry of "Sport for All" a reality. The moment one town opened a center and people flocked in, neighboring mayors and city governments vied with each other to open similar sporting halls. During my tenure as chairman we saw the number leap from 20 to 400. Next I traveled the country beseech-

ing the larger schools to share their sports facilities with the public in the evenings and school holidays. Where this happened there was an encouraging drop in the statistics for vandalism and petty crime because it proved such a boon to youngsters cooped up in cities.

As doctors we have become too negative, saying no to food, smoking and alcohol. Now is the time to say a massive "yes" to positive health. The message now is jogging not tranquilizers, tennis not heart attacks, sports clubs with friends instead of a psychotherapy group. I have always been reluctant to drag people into boring fitness routines; I have wanted them to choose activities they find exciting. Last year in London's Hyde Park, 12,000 runners of both sexes, aged from six to 60, joined in a public "fun run." That same month I fired the starting gun for 3,000 competitors in a marathon from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. The first two competitors, given an early start, were a pair of wheelchair disabled. The heartwarming spontaneity with which Americans grip a good new idea and put it into practice should be a lesson to the rest of the world.

Even at non-competitive levels, running, or jogging, has swept America, becoming the only heartfelt addiction I know, and now attracts some 20 million Americans who not only feel better but will also probably live longer. Doubtless there are jogging bores and some other fashion may in time supplant recreational running, but nothing can detract from this remarkable revolution in approach to physical activity, stemming at first from fear of coronary heart disease but now mainly sustained—and this is the important fact—because it is enjoyable for its own sake. Though an ankle injury in 1975 stopped my daily running, I now take my bicycle and still enjoy the sense of muscles used and happily tired, the sense of lungs stretched and a heart that is reaching down for some of its reserves. When I was 25 I wrote, "The sense of exercise is an extra sense or perhaps a subtle combination of the others. Small electrical impulses pass from our contracting muscles and moving joints to our brain. The electrical rhythm produced there is a source of pleasure. Like that caused by music, it is some interplay with rhythms inherent in our nervous system. However we attempt to explain it, like music it fills us with a feeling of power and beauty."

I stop short at the mysticism of it all, but there is no doubt that "Sport for All" is a 20th-century movement of real significance. Other mass movements have oppressed where they intended to liberate. This movement liberates because it has an essential individual basis. The choice of speed or route or distance and the company is entirely yours. Your own thing may not be running but knocking an innocent ball with a piece of wood or metal or gut. Whatever the choice, it rests in freedom, chiming in in some way with passions and needs that have primitive evolutionary significance and which to our peril we have too often dismissed as uncivilized and immature. The experience of the past 25 years has only served to reinforce my belief in the courage and infinite resourcefulness of sportsmen the world over. This augurs well for the future. The finest aspects of the human spirit are indeed indomitable.

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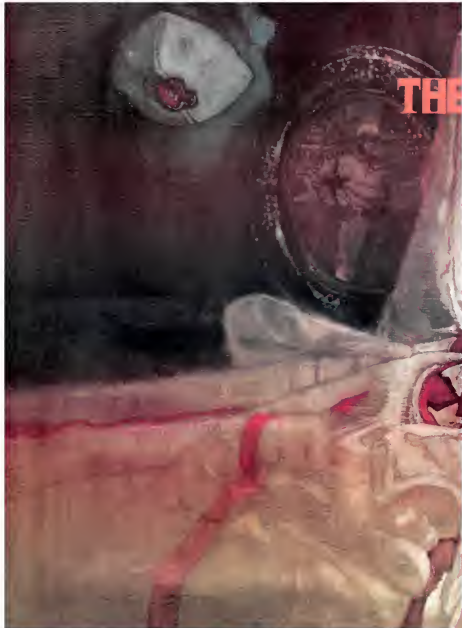
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by **Phillip Timothy Gay**



continued

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Benches

My mother's maiden name was Aris Venable. My cousin Allison Venable was the first black to be elected to the city council of Lithonia, in De Kalb County, Ga. Walter Venable was my grandfather. His father, Andy, was born a slave in the Venable household in Pine Mountain. Allison recalls the time when he was a little boy and James Venable's sister, a middle-aged lady with a good-natured smile, fondly informed him that her ancestors had once owned his. Then he was overcome with humiliation and shame. Now he can recall the incident with a smile, and only a soft, obligatory touch of bitterness. De Kalb County and much of the rest of the South has changed since then. He has watched it happen, has helped it happen. Now he can take pride in the knowledge that his sons play on the integrated athletic teams and do well in the integrated classrooms of the town in which their great-great-grandfather was a slave. Now he can sip rum and Coke in his air-conditioned living room and reflect that though his sons know of the Old South of wretched slavery and brutally enforced segregation, as their Northern-bred cousins do, almost all of what they know is learned from books and from the ghostly tales of their elders.

Now Allison can chuckle and reply, "Yes, that's right, James Venable's ancestors owned our ancestors. Yes, that's right, he and Uncle Arbria (pronounced arbree) Johnson played together as boys, been friends all their lives. They say that right today he'd do anything for Uncle Arbria. Last time Uncle Arbria's boy Midge got into that trouble, Uncle Arbria went to see James Venable, and Venable went up to the courthouse and kept Midge from going to jail. He didn't do it for Midge—he did it for Uncle Arbria. And you know Uncle Arbria, he ain't never been no Tom. For over 70 years, long before integration, he been speakin' his sober mind to white and black folks alike. That's why a lot of folks

around here used to think he was crazy. But you have to understand how it is in the South. If a man likes you, he likes you, it don't matter 'bout your color, never has. He may hate every other person of your color in the world, but if he likes you, he likes you, and he'll do anything for you."

I nodded, having often heard it said that Northerners love blacks as a race but despise them as individuals, while Southerners despise blacks as a race but love them as individuals. All I could say was, "But, still, the James Venable and Uncle Arbria . . . friends?"

I was raised in the North and did not come across the name James Venable until I was in college. He was, I discovered, a prominent Atlanta-area attorney, "the scion of a distinguished old Peach State Klan family and owner of the

sacred pastures of Stone Mountain," where spectacular Klan rallies and cross-burnings were held, and where my father, grandfathers, uncles and great-uncles had all labored in the rock quarries. He had held office as head of the National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, the Defensive Legion of Registered Americans, Inc., and the Committee of One Million Caucasians to March on Congress, the anti-Semitic boycotters, the Christian Voters and Buyers League and the Federation of Klans. David M. Chalmers, professor of history at the University of Florida, described James Venable's followers as "more violent and more chaotic" than those of the more widely known Robert Shelton, for many years head of United Klans of America.

It wasn't anything to go around bragging about, but to us in Cleveland it became a dubious source of family distinction—an In joke. The descendant of the people who had owned the Venable was not your common, everyday Georgia cracker. Maybe our ancestors hadn't been so docile after all. And he and Uncle Arbria were good buddies, huh?

One of the things that makes Uncle Arbria such an

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Arbria Johnson, the Peach Brandy Man

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BRANDY MAN

continued

enjoyable person is his rich, slow-paced, well-timed Southern sense of humor. He's been known to tease and put his nephews on a bit. "Yes sir, yes sir," he beamed that July afternoon in 1977, looking up at me from the peach he was parsing on the porch of the house in Lithonia where he and my Aunt Viola lived. He speaks in a deep, unhurried, rolling drawl. "He's a fine man. Known him all my life. When we were boys we played together, swam together, ate at the same table, got into trouble. Did most everything together. I could go to him right now and he'd do anything for me he could. He's helped a heap of black folks out in his time, defended them in court, kept them out of jail. James Venable is as fine a man as you'd ever want to meet, boy."

I grinned, took a strong sip of the homemade peach brandy he'd given me, settled back and waited for the punch line. There was none. "He's the Grand Dragon—or is it Imperial Wizard?—of the Ku Klux Klan." I gently reminded Uncle Arbria. "They're responsible for a lot of the violence and oppression that black people have suffered over the years—beatings, lynchings, shootings. . ."

Uncle Arbria sighed and put the parsing knife down. A look of mild exasperation crossed his face; his slow voice became deeper and more reflective. "A lot of people don't stop to understand James Venable Back when he was coming along, a white man who wanted to get anywhere around here had to belong to the Klan. It got him where he is today. Now anybody'll tell you he's one of the best lawyers in Georgia. But he grew up poor. His uncle was the high Venable. His daddy didn't have anything. When James was around 16 his uncle took pity on him, paid for him to go to Atlanta and get an education. Then he joined the Klan and became the mayor of Stone Mountain. You had to belong to the Klan. He was an intelligent man, with ambition, and that was the Old South. Yes sir, James Venable is my friend. A fine man. You can't pay no attention to what folks say about James Venable. Helped a lot of these black folks around here."

"Maybe you're right about James Venable," I said out of politeness. "Maybe he only did what he had to do." In my heart, though, I didn't believe it. Doing what he *had* to do—was a license for ir-

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responsibility. It couldn't be allowed to justify the things James Venable stood for. It was an excuse that people would always hide behind when they could find no other.

"No maybe about it," Uncle Arbria declared. "I know what I'm talking about, boy."

I took another sip of punch. "James Venable must be getting on now. How old is he? Is he still the Imperial Wizard?"

He thought for a second. "I think so. A while back, I read where they wanted him to retire. Said he was getting too old. He said he wasn't going to, though. I don't think he has. He's almost about my age, a year or more younger."

"Do they still meet and hold rallies and burn crosses up on Stone Mountain?"

He dismissed that with a flick of his wrist. "Sure, they still go up there preaching 'nigger' this and 'nigger' that, but they're about played out. It's only the oldtimers that go in for that kind of stuff now. Young folks ain't got no time for it. It's like I was telling you about the NAACP and all those groups. They're fading away, too. People don't need them anymore. We got the laws. The schools and jobs are integrated, people come and go like they want to, associate with whoever they want to, live where they want to. You've seen all that yourself. The South ain't going back to the old days. The Klan, the NAACP and them groups are fading away. Things ain't like they used to be, you see."

I could have come back at him with hard statistical data showing wide black-white differentials in income, employment, housing, education, health, mortality and so on *ad infinitum*. Data on the overall progress of school desegregation would have presented, as we sociologists say, an equally disheartening picture. I could also have told him of the proliferation of Klaverns and Klan-like groups all across the country, North, South, East and West. I could have given firsthand accounts of young men who rallied at places like San Diego's Zoo and Balboa Park, "preaching 'nigger' this and 'nigger' that." I could have come at him with a lot of data, a lot of accounts. They would have been accurate, too, but they were for faculty colleagues, and students in "Minority Group Relations" courses. They would not have rung true to his ears. He had vivid recollections of the Old South. He was almost 50 when the

1954 *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka* decision was handed down. When he was young enough to be drafted into the army, the army wasn't accepting blacks. Now he had sons who were retiring with pensions from the army—and the navy. He was able to go as far as the fourth grade. Now he has children who are college graduates. People say, and he agrees, that he could have pitched in the major leagues. But he was already in his 40s when Jackie Robinson broke in with the Dodgers. To his sorrow, none of his nine sons took much interest in baseball, but one played on two NFL teams. He can remember when no matter what job he performed, a black man never got paid as much as the lowest-paid white man. Now he can point to blacks working alongside whites and getting the same money—or to blacks supervising whites, in Georgia, and getting more money. He can remember when blacks had to call all whites above puberty "Mr.," "Miss," "Mrs.," "Sir," "Ma'am." Now he can hold back on these titles, bestowing them only on people he respects, graciously. Now only his nephews call him "Uncle." He can remember when the police stopped, harassed, beat and locked up "niggers" whenever and for whatever they wanted to. Now his nephew sits on the Lithonia City Council and the assistant police chief is black. A month or so ago, his son visited him from Colorado with his white wife and their children. Yes sir, Uncle Arbria has seen things change. He is bitter sometimes about the past indignities, the blocked opportunities, the wasted talent, but still, neither I nor all the social-science data in the world would ever convince him that things were pretty much as they had always been.

"That's true, Unc," I agreed. "Things certainly aren't like they used to be. The NAACP and other civil rights groups do seem to be on the decline."

He nodded. "They ought to. That's the way it should be. Now each individual should go out and try to make it for himself." I leaned over to look at his watch. It was almost suppertime, time to go. I stood up. "Well, Unc," I joked, "I sure would like to meet the great Mr. James Venable. Think you could arrange it before I leave?"

He looked at his watch. "If it wasn't so late, I'd drive you over to Decatur now. I'll take you to see him tomorrow."

continued



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BRANDY MAN

continued

glad to talk to them. He's not like a lot of these other fellows."

The temperature was making its way up through the 90s. All of the energy seeped out of you as soon as you stepped outside. We got into Uncle Arbria's bright-orange VW Squareback. He had put on his blue and white Braves cap. The hot asphalt roads ran through deep, green forests of pine. We passed abandoned wooden shacks; old, gray churches made from the rock of Stone Mountain; new, red-brick, ranch-style houses; roadside markets displaying striped Georgia watermelons and piles of corn and squash. The scenery changed as we came to Decatur. A few old buildings could still be seen, but Decatur could be set almost anywhere. There were supermarkets and modern office buildings, fast-food restaurants, boutiques, traffic congestion. Residents point to these symbols of progress with considerable pride. They can no longer be said to be backward and hickish.

It occurred to Uncle Arbria that Mr. Venable also had an office in Atlanta. "Now, if he's in Atlanta, or didn't come in, stayed at home," he mused, "maybe we could stop by his house. We'll just have to see." It was too hot and humid to feel a letdown. "If we don't get to see him, we don't get to see him," I said. "No big thing." Anyway, what did I have to say to the Imperial Wizard that wouldn't get my uncle run out of town? At best, it would be awkward. The Imperial Wizard and I would both be tense and uncomfortable. We would each know exactly where we stood in the other's eyes, and we would know that we shared no common ground—unless he were a baseball fan. Perhaps he would incorrectly suspect my uncle of some sort of duplicity, suspect that he was being made a fool of, mocked, insulted. I would if I were he. I mean, really, it would most certainly be difficult for him to believe that I, a black sociologist, just dropped by for no particular purpose—for a friendly chat. It was just as well that we most likely would not find him in today.

James Venable's office was in the Masonic Temple across the street from the old De Kalb County Courthouse. A presentable young man sat behind a desk in a small, air-conditioned reception room. He greeted us with a big, cordial smile and a handshake. He answered my uncle in the soft, respectful tone of voice that well-mannered Southerners use with older people.

"Yes, sir, he's in, but he's with somebody now." He looked over at two young women in their late teens sitting shyly

by the door that led into Mr. Venable's office. His voice carried an apology. "These young ladies were here first, but he can see y'all after them. Y'all have a seat."

My uncle usually strives to break down formalities. He doesn't like to sit and wait for long. "We ain't here on business," he said, chuckling. "Won't take but a minute of Mr. Venable's valuable time. He and I were boys together. We played, swam, fished, stole watermelons, got into a lot of devilment together. My nephew here is visiting me from California and he's heard me talk so much about Mr. Venable, about what a fine man he is, he just had to have me bring him here to meet him. We won't

take but a minute. I know what a busy man he is."

The young man smiled at my uncle, glanced at me with friendly, but cautious, curiosity in his eyes. He threw the two young women a quick, apologetic glance. They nodded their consent nervously, reticent, puzzled expressions in their eyes.

I tried to cover my embarrassment with a shrug, a smile. "Yeah, I've been hearing all about Mr. Venable ever since I've been here. He's all my uncle talks about. That's all I've been hearing."

I could see that the young man was amused. The phone rang. It was a personal call. He laughed frequently, had an easy, pleasant, aristocratic accent. The young women stole glances at my uncle and me. When I caught them, they dropped their eyes to their laps. I turned away and

looked at a color print of Robert E. Lee sitting astride a white horse, his sword pointing off in the distance toward a darkening sky. A small American flag, not a Confederate flag, was draped over the upper right-hand corner of the picture frame. Another print, on the opposite wall above where the two young women were sitting, showed a group of Confederate artillerymen firing at an unseen enemy. "Support Your Regiment," the caption said.

"When does Mr. Venable go to dinner?" my uncle asked when the young man was off the phone. "Maybe we'll come back this afternoon?"

"Oh, no, sir, you don't have to do that," the young man assured him. "I'm sure he'll be through in there in a minute. He don't much go out to eat anymore."

"Oh, he's kinda like me," my uncle interrupted. "I don't eat much anymore, either. Why, nowadays I just start out with 20 or 25 hot biscuits, and kinda go on my way from there."

We all laughed. The young man smiled and nodded in

continued



James Venable, the Imperial Wizard

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BRANDY MAN

continued

sympathy when my uncle explained that he was only joking, that he was a diabetic and really couldn't eat much of anything anymore. The smile and polite, attentive look remained on the young man's face as he swiveled back in his chair and listened to my uncle's anecdotal accounts of his and Mr. Venable's boyhood capers.

I wondered whether I should shake hands with the Imperial Wizard. Would he offer his hand? What if he didn't? How would I be perceived? Outside agitator? Admirer? Uppity "nigger"? What would be his reaction if my uncle mentioned that I'm a college professor? Wouldn't it be something to have a picture? The Imperial Wizard and I, shaking hands? Would it be impolite to inquire of Mr. Venable his opinions regarding recent events involving the Ku Klux Klan at Camp Pendleton in California? What about my ancestors?

Uncle Arbria was giving the young man at the reception desk all the fine details of his diabetic diet when an elderly man entered the reception room. The man, dressed in dark brown khakis and wearing a gray crew cut, approached my uncle, and the two of them shook hands warmly, complimenting each other on their appearances. Uncle Arbria introduced the man as Mr. Golden Clack. Mr. Clack took a seat beside the two young women. "This here one of your boys, Yella Hamma?" he asked. Everyone but his relations calls my uncle Yellow Hammer. Still, it sounded disrespectful, patronizing, coming from this man, "I've known this man for over 40 years," said Mr. Clack, "and I can say he's the finest black man I've ever known." The two young women looked uncomfortable. The young man looked embarrassed.

I felt my uncle's hand on my shoulder. "No, this is my nephew," he said, "visiting me from California. He's a graduate of Harvard University, teaches college."

The young man and the two young women looked at me with surprise. Mr. Clack was less easily impressed. He crossed his legs, studied something on the tip of his shoe. "I hear that most of them kids in high school in California can't read no better than the third-grade level," he said. "Is that so?"

I'm a displaced Easterner, but now I had to defend the California public schools. "That's only partially true," I said. "Quite a few do graduate reading

below the 12th-grade level, but it's that way all over the country, not just in California. In Georgia, too, I imagine."

"That's a shame, too," my uncle cut in. "Now when I..."

The door to James Venable's office opened and a man with a briefcase came out and left. "Y'all can go on in now, sir," the young man told my uncle.

"Now you know how Jimmy is, Yella Hamma?" Mr. Clack called after us. "Don't you keep him in there talking all day. I got some urgent business to take care off."

James Venable's office overlooked a side street that ran into the courthouse walk. It was small, just spacious enough to accommodate his desk and a visitor's chair. He was a calm, dignified man who looked every bit the "scion of a distinguished Peach State Klan family." Apparently, he had been quite handsome in his day. He wore a well-tailored, light-blue suit, a matching shirt, and a fashionable, dark-blue tie. His hair was silky white and parted in the middle, his complexion pale and smooth. Bright, bluish eyes sparkled from behind his spectacles. His manner was gracious. His accent was soft and mellow. He seemed pleased to see my uncle.

They shook hands. "Well, well, Yella Hamma. How you been? Good to see you."

"Fine, Mr. Venable. I'm getting along well."

"Good."

"This is my nephew, he's visiting me from California. He teaches school out there."

We shook hands. "Glad to meet you," he said, smiling.

"Nice meeting you, too, sir."

He swept his hand toward the chair.

"Sit down, Yella Hamma. Tell me what I can do for you."

Uncle Arbria declined. "No, thank you, Mr. Venable, I don't want to take up your time. I know you're a busy man. People are waiting outside. I just brought my nephew here to see you in person. He's heard me talk so much about you and how we played together as boys and what a fine man I thought you were; he wanted to see what you looked like." He laughed. "I don't think he believes we did all the things I said."

I felt a bit foolish, like a kid meeting a superstar. I don't know how James Venable felt, but he blushed. In an instant,

his eyes met mine, darted away, then came back with, as far as I could tell, a rather modest smile. "Yeah," he said, "Yella Hamma and I have known each other a long time. Used to pick blackberries, steal watermelons, fish, hunt lizards. You can't find lizards around here anymore, can you, Yella Hamma?"

"No, you sure can't," my uncle agreed. "Mr. Venable, could you stand up for a minute, sir? I want him to see what kind of looking man you are standing up."

James Venable rose to his feet obligingly. He was of medium height and appeared to be in excellent physical condition for his age.

"Well, there he is," my uncle beamed, "Mr. James Venable. A fine gentleman."

"My uncle thinks a lot of you, sir," I said. "Talks about you all the time. Has nothing but good things to say."

He smiled and sat back down. "Where in California are you from?"

"San Diego."

He gave a slow, approving nod. "I once spoke at a ladies' club out there in Los Angeles. Hollywood, I think it was. What do you teach?"

"Sociology."

He nodded again. "That's real nice." He turned to my uncle. "Where do you stay now, Yella Hamma?"

"I'm still over in Lithonia, sir."

He shook his head sadly, a mild look of displeasure crossing his face. "You still over in Lithonia, huh. Well, I hear that's a pretty bad place now. They're messing around with that dope and stuff now. Back in '33, over in New Orleans, I defended a boy that had been messing around with that stuff." He spread his thumb and index finger. "Them cigarettes."

"They call them 'reefers,'" my uncle told him.

He nodded. "Yeah, I know they do, Yella Hamma. Back then, they called them something else."

"Well, that stuff's still no good," my uncle said. He looked at his watch. "Well, Mr. Venable, we won't take up any more of your time. I just wanted my nephew to see you."

I shook his hand again before leaving. "Nice talking with you, sir."

"Sure thing. Good talking to you. Come on around the next time you're in town."

As we left the office and were going down the stairs, my uncle said, "Did

you hear what that old guy in there said about me?"

"Venable?"

"No, Cluck, that old guy that came in while we were waiting."

"Oh, yeah. You mean about you being the finest black man he'd ever known? Yeah, I caught that."

"Yes sir, he let it be known that I was the finest black man he'd ever known, not the finest man. You see, a lot of people down here still ain't right. Never will be. 'Course, a few years ago it woulda been the finest 'nigger' he'd ever known, and nobody woulda thought a thing about it. Now, in spite of all that talk he's done about the supremacy of the white race and all, I never have heard Mr. Venable say 'nigger.'"

I didn't say anything. James Venable, the Imperial Dragon, had been a gracious host, had handled himself like a gentleman. But he couldn't ever be forgiven, couldn't ever be justified. You can't just say, "People do what they have to do," and let it go at that. But he was Uncle Arbria's friend and I was tired; and nobody could ever remember it being so hot for so long in De Kalb County.

The next morning I jogged along the route of General Sherman's March to the Sea. A car passed me from behind. The driver honked and waved as he passed. I waved back. It was Mr. Cluck.

Three days later I was on the plane back to San Diego. It was a champagne flight. I thought of Uncle Arbria—a teetotaler. The All-Star break was over. He would be at the ball park tomorrow night if the Braves were in town. He had suggested that I drive up from San Diego to Los Angeles and introduce myself to Don Sutton and the rest of the Dodgers, tell them I was his nephew. I made a silent toast to Uncle Arbria. He was doing all right in Georgia, especially considering he'd never belonged to the Klan and all.

I had been a Red Sox fan and before that a Cleveland Indians fan. Now I had crossed over into the National League and become a Dodger fan. That was a good summer. August and September were really fine months, with San Diego weather and a good summer-school class, and the Dodgers won the pennant easily.

Once, while jogging through Balboa Park, I came upon a Klan rally. No white sheets for these guys. They wore T-shirts emblazoned with their emblem. The

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modal type was young and burly with longish hair and a drooping mustache. As I circled the perimeter of the gathering, a tall one in a straw cowboy hat stepped apart from the others and followed my movements with cold, suspicious eyes. I smiled, gave him a friendly nod, and stepped up my pace. The American Nazi Party often held rallies in the park; this was the first time I had seen the Klan there.

I was up in Chino visiting my brother Henry during the divisional playoffs. Uncle Arbría called that Saturday night. He wasn't certain, but he just might be coming to Los Angeles soon. Aunt Viola had never had much of a chance to travel. He wanted her to see the West, the Rocky Mountains, the California desert. Pasadena, Ambassador College. Garner Ted Armstrong. . .

The trip depended on the Dodgers beating the Phillies in the playoffs. I told him that I was looking forward to seeing him soon. He said he hoped so, but you never knew how things would work out. I told him not to worry. I knew. He hoped so.

The Ku Klux Klan began making headlines in the San Diego papers a few days after my uncle's call. David Duke, the national leader of the Klan, had taken a tour of the border area and later announced the institution of a Klan Border Patrol to stop the flow of illegal immigrants from Mexico. There were accounts of Klan-involved bombings and shootings in San Diego County. A coalition of Mexican-American, black-and white-activist groups was planning an anti-Klan rally at the border. There was talk of widespread violence and bloodshed. Editorials and letters to the editor were written.

At my school, San Diego State, someone carved "KKK," and "Kill Niggers and Wetbacks" on the walls of my favorite lavatory stall. Within a few days the erotic art and kinky sexual entreaties that regularly adorned the walls of the lavatory stalls of the social science building were in danger of being overrun by racial slurs and counterslurs.

A Klansman appeared on campus. The school newspaper, the *Daily Aztec*, published excerpts from his speech. Concerned faculty members and student activists angrily questioned the propriety of a Klansman on campus, and the judgment of the *Aztec* editors. Shortly thereafter, the *Aztec* carried a series of articles by a visiting professor, dealing with past Klan atrocities. Leaflets announcing the date, time and location of an anti-Klan demonstration were hurriedly passed out around campus.

All in all, however, the Klan's activities caused hardly a ripple in the sunny, placid flow of life at San Diego State. The campus is rightly known as an apolitical, very mellow,

very kicked-back place. The pennant playoffs generated a lot more passion and excitement.

Not long after my conversation with Uncle Arbría about his trip, I was sitting in my office after lunch one day, talking about nothing with a couple of colleagues, when I got a call from a reporter from the *Sentinel*, an East County paper in El Cajon. He had heard that I taught a course in minority group relations. He was putting together an article on the Klan, and had recently interviewed Tom Metzger, head Klansman in California. He wanted to know about the Klan's origins, its history, the social-demographic characteristics of its members, and my professional explanation of its seemingly growing appeal these days in Southern California.

"Hell, you should just go and interview Metzger yourself," one of my colleagues joked after I had hung up the phone. "Aren't you and Jim doing something on social movements? Here's a chance to get firsthand data on an ongoing, contemporary social movement. And you can get it from the horse's mouth."

"If I knew how to get in touch with him, I would," I said. Then I recalled a recent conversation I'd had with someone who could put me in touch. The idea appealed to me. I had met James Venable. Why not Metzger? It would be interesting.

"Somebody must have his phone number," my colleague chided. "Surely a re-



Uncle Arbría's collection of autographed baseballs.

searcher of your skills. . ."

"You're right, I can get his number," I said, picking up the phone.

When I called Metzger's number, a woman answered. His wife, I assumed. She wanted to know who I was, what I wanted. I told her. She called, "Tom." I heard her tell him I was "some professor from San Diego State." I also heard a little girl's voice in the background. So Metzger was a family man.

He picked up the phone, asking who I was and what I wanted, in a cautious, but not unfriendly, businesslike tone of voice. I told him what I had told his wife. I was a sociologist at State, doing research on the origins and development of social movements. It would be helpful to me to meet him and discuss the growth of the Klan in Southern California.

He was agreeable, a bit flattered, it seemed. We made a date to meet Thursday of the following week. I was to phone him on Wednesday and receive directions to his house in Fallbrook.

I said goodbye, hung up the phone and got up to go

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Source: comparative "tar" and nicotine figures, FTC Report May 1978.
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BRANDY MAN

continued

to my one o'clock class, winking at my colleagues.

"Nothing to it, gentlemen."

"You forget to tell him . . ."

"Tell him what?"

My one o'clock class was Contemporary Sociological Theories. Someone asked about what was happening "down there at the border with the Ku Klux Klan."

I was tempted to give the class over to a discussion of the Klan—after all, everything is relevant to social theory—but I noticed that a few students were frowning and shifting about in their seats. If it wasn't on the required reading list and wouldn't be on the test, they didn't want to "waste time" talking about it. I compromised.

"Ask me about the Klan a week from Friday. I'll know more then than I do today. Next Thursday I have an appointment for an interview with Tom Metzger, Grand whatever-he-is of the California Klan."

"Is he coming here?"

"No, I'm going over to his house."

"Has he ever seen you?"

"No."

"Does he know . . .?"

"Know what?"

My brother Henry called that Friday night from Chino. Uncle Arbra and Aunt Viola had arrived. I had been expecting them. The Dodgers were meeting the Yankees in New York in the first game of the World Series the following Tuesday. Uncle Arbra sounded a bit tired. They had come by bus, so Vi would really get to see some of the country. Yes, they had enjoyed it, but they would most likely fly back. They weren't as young as they once were. Yes sir, he'd known all along that "the boys" would beat the Phillies. The Phils just didn't have as good a club. Nice bunch of fellas, though. The Yankees? Shoot, the Yankees shouldn't have beat the Royals. They might be able to buy the American League pennant, but not the World Series! No sir, Don and the boys played too good a ball. He just hoped the Series would last more than four games. It would be better for baseball that way. Yes sir, he was going to see the boys when he was in town, oh yes. He expected that he might be able to get some tickets for a game or two. He had the clubhouse phone number and he had Don's home address. He would get Henry to drive him

out to the ball park. It would be good to see them again.

I told him that I would try to see him during the weekend, but I wasn't sure I would have the time. I had a speaking engagement Sunday. I had to prepare the speech Saturday, had an early class Monday morning, but I would definitely come up soon.

He paid me no mind, chuckling that if a man his age could come as far as he had to see his nephew, he knew that his nephew could find time to drive up the highway to see him. He needed a large, earth-urn and as many jugs as I could find. He was going to make some "punch" for my brother and me.

It was the introductory speaker at a conference of the San Diego Lutherans. The topic was "Racism in the Seventies." They were nice enough people, sincere, attentive, thoughtful, gracious, but most of them arrived late. They came in smiling, talking about the World Series. I made my speech and headed for the freeway, stopping at bars and supermarkets for wine jugs.

From San Diego to Chino is a long, grueling, 2½-hour drive. I held at 70, hoping to return in time to get enough sleep for my Monday morning class. "Nobody Does It Better" than the Dodgers, the L.A. disc jockeys kept saying.

Uncle Arbra and Aunt Viola met me at the door. The house had a nice warm smell to it. Hot biscuits, fried chicken, apple pie. I had to make myself slow down, adjust to their soft, unhurried, Georgia pace. The freeway and the Top 40 might have been in another world.

I mentioned my upcoming interview with Metzger. Unc was surprised, disappointed, actually, that the Ku Klux Klan was in California. No sir, he didn't want to accompany me. He hadn't come all the way to California to meet a Klansman. He had been meeting them all his life. He wanted to talk baseball. He and Henry had driven up to L.A. to see the boys practice before they went to New York for the opening game of the World Series. By the time they arrived, the players were already inside the park. The security guards outside were adamant, refusing to let them in. Several times he had called the number Don had given him, identifying himself as "Mr. Johnson from Atlanta, the Peach Brandy Man," and leaving his phone number. The lady who an-

swered the phone said she would leave the message but couldn't guarantee the call would be returned. He was certain Don hadn't received his messages. Don would return by itself. There was nothing for me to do except agree.

We talked baseball until Unc's bedtime, when Henry told me of a problem he had. He had to leave Tuesday to attend a law-enforcement seminar in San Luis Obispo. He would be away for several days. Uncle Arbra and Aunt Viola would be alone. I told him that I would drive up Thursday afternoon after my classes, spend the rest of the day, drive back that night.

I was on the freeway, halfway back to San Diego, before I remembered I was supposed to meet Metzger on Thursday.

I called Metzger from my office the next day, explaining that I'd be out of town Thursday. His voice was colder, more guarded than before, but he agreed to meet with me the following week. I was to drive to Fallbrook, call him from a pay phone, then "we'd go from there." He had read my comments about the Klan in the local newspapers, I surmised. My one o'clock class was disappointed that the interview had been put off. I still didn't know what Metzger and I would talk about.

The papers had stories about disgruntled employees of the Dodger organization who couldn't get World Series tickets for friends and family for those games that would be played in L.A. Some of the Yankees threatened not to go on the field in Los Angeles unless more Series tickets were made available to them.

I drove up to Chino Thursday afternoon. Uncle Arbra and Aunt Viola had been alone for two days, but they weren't ones to complain. Yes sir, Don had pitched seven good innings in the opening game in New York, even though the Dodgers had lost. He was proud of Don. Proud of them all. Even the sportscasters and reporters liked Don. He was such a friendly, likable guy. You couldn't be certain of anything in this world, but Unc still thought he could get us tickets to one or two of the games in Los Angeles. He hadn't come all this way to watch on television!

The third game of the Series was going to be played in Los Angeles the next day. Uncle Arbra thought that if he got to the park early enough he could spot some of the players before they went inside. Just

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BRANDY MAN

continued

about any one of them would make sure that we got in to see the game. I kept my doubts to myself, mentioning only that I had important business to take care of early in the morning—and there were my classes, of course. He had never heard of a teacher who couldn't miss a class, or at least get someone to substitute for him. I said I would see what I could do.

I drove back to San Diego at full speed. I took care of my business the next morning, and made arrangements to have my classes covered.

We arrived at Dodger Stadium a few minutes before the parking lots were opened. It was a sunny day. Everyone was in high spirits. Dodger caps, banners, bumper stickers abounded. Smiles and optimism were exchanged. Cans of beer were passed along. "Go Dodger Blue!" cheers went up periodically. But Uncle Arbria was disappointed in Chavez Ravine: it wasn't as fine as the boys had said. He talked about a long-dead relative until the parking lots were opened. He grumbled about "the big shots" who got tickets to the Series while "the average fan" who had come to the games all year long had to go begging. If Walter O'Malley wasn't careful he would lose the fans. He didn't think Don Rickles had come to a single game during the regular season. Those celebrities just came for the publicity, to be on television. It would serve O'Malley right. A man should never bite the hand that feeds him.

We asked around for directions to the players' entrance. They came through the entrance that was closest to where they parked. Sutton? Couldn't say. He might park anywhere. So we were good friends of Don Sutton? Good. Fine. He hoped we found him.

Uncle Arbria became increasingly critical of Los Angeles. In Atlanta, people would have been more helpful to a visitor from out of town.

The towering, chain-link fence that led into the centerfield wall was opened to let in media technicians with their cables and cameras and such. A pouncy security guard stood by, shooting the fans away in a pleading, Southern-white voice. My uncle greeted him as "a man from my part of the country." The man's wife was indeed from Atlanta. He listened politely, nodding from time to time as my uncle told him of his relationship with the Braves' groundkeeper, his friendships with the various Dodgers, the

peach brandy, the phone number Don had given him, the lady who answered the phone, my brother's sudden trip to San Luis Obispo. As final demonstration of his authenticity, my uncle let the guard examine his cap. It was like the ones the players wore, not like the ones you saw out there atop the fans' heads. The guard wasn't allowed on the field to deliver messages, but maybe his sergeant could help us. Southerners have to stick together.

The sergeant was a middle-aged black man, a little overweight, tired, flat-footed. He fidgeted impatiently, gradually overcoming his cynicism as my uncle gave him the full story of how we happened to be standing before him. He left, saying he would see if one of the groundkeepers would come back and talk with my uncle. Maybe one of them would take a message to the dugout.

The stadium was beginning to fill. The sounds of batting practice could be heard. People approached us, trying to buy tickets. A swaggering man with a deep tan and wavy, receding hair wouldn't take no for an answer. He was willing to pay our price. My uncle finally walked away in disgust.

The sergeant returned with one of the groundkeepers. My uncle introduced himself, dropped the name of the Braves' head groundkeeper, and explained our predicament as he had explained it to the security guards, the ushers and the gate attendants. The groundkeeper went away, winking at my uncle and promising he'd see that Don would get his message.

We stood around until almost game time, watching ticket holders hurry past, fighting off scalpers. Still no word from our groundkeeper friend. Linda Ronsstadt and a young redheaded man came in through our gate. She wore jeans and a Dodger jacket. The bleachers erupted with cheers, whistles, catcalls. Uncle Arbria had never heard of her, said she was too skinny. Still no word from our groundkeeper friend.

"If we had given that guy a 10, I bet he would have given Don your message!" I said.

"That's probably what the rascal wanted," my uncle snorted. "I wouldn't give him a dime!"

We had to see the game. We had put too much energy into the day, gone through too much trouble, suffered too much humiliation and embarrassment to have it all come to nothing. That would

be one humiliation too many for one day. Yes, we had to see the game. And damn those sleazy scalpers. I had an inspiration. I told my uncle to wait, I would be back. By the time I returned, Linda had sung the national anthem and the game had already started. It had cost me, and I had been warned that we would have to answer for ourselves if discovered, but we got in and were able to see the rest of the game from a unique vantage point.

The Yankees won that first game in L.A., 5-3. Uncle Arbria and I took it in stride. He fell asleep on the way back to Chino. I let him off in the driveway and drove back to San Diego, too tired to hurry.

After that I lost interest in the Dodgers. After all, my soul was still back on the East Coast, and the Yankees were a colorful team. Real individualists. I had a racquetball date the day of the sixth game. Someone was singing the national anthem when I met my playing partner. We drove to the courts in her car. She didn't care about baseball. She turned on a Top 40 station and began talking about her work. I was standing by a television set, waiting for her to come down from the women's locker room, when Reggie Jackson hit his first home run of the day. We played, I showered, and was in front of the television, again waiting for her to come down from the locker room, when Jackson hit his third home run. The guys around me cursed. It was all over. The Yanks had won it all.

The game officially ended, 8-4, as I was driving home. When I got there I turned on the television. Don Sutton was being interviewed. He came across very well—likable, sincere, intelligent.

My meeting with Metzger drew nearer. I felt trapped. I had to go. I had told people I was going. It was expected. I would be alone, in a small town, calling from a pay phone, waiting for a Klansman to pick me up—blindfold me perhaps—and take me to the Klavern headquarters. Or something. It was a chilling prospect, but intriguing, exciting. Had I become a thrill seeker? A Grand Dragon groupie? I decided not to think about it until the day arrived. I would wake up that morning and see how I felt about it then.

Uncle Arbria made me make the decision beforehand. He, Aunt Viola and Henry stopped at my house two days before my rendezvous with Metzger was to

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BRANDY MAN

continued

take place. They were on their way home from a day in Mexico. Since I had last seen them they had taken in the Southern California sights: Santa Barbara, San Juan Capistrano, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, San Clemente, the mountains, the desert, the ocean, the Queen Mary, Ambassador College, and now Mexico. Uncle Arbria was tired and hungry—hardly eaten all day. We talked for a while, but he was clearly anxious to be moving on. They had just dropped by to see how I lived.

Uncle Arbria took me aside before they left. His voice was almost a whisper. "I don't believe Don got my message. That lady on the phone, that ground-keeper fella. They didn't give Don my message. I know Don. If he knew I was in town, had come all this way, he would get in touch with me if for nothing but to say 'Hello, Mr. Johnson.'"

"Probably so," I agreed.

"We're leaving Friday," he went on. "You can come up Thursday. Your classes are over early, ain't they? I've still got that address Don gave me. Maybe we can catch him at home."

I knew it would be a futile journey and if Thursday hadn't been the day of the appointment with Metzger I might have been tempted to make an excuse. But Unc was giving me an out. And anyway, I couldn't refuse him. I didn't know when I would see him again. It was fate. Unc had gotten me on the Grand Dragon kick and now he was getting me off.

"O.K.," I said. "Look for me sometime in the early afternoon."

Don Sutton lives in Calabasas, northwest of Los Angeles. Uncle Arbria and I found out what Southern California rush-hour driving was all about. It was almost a two-hour drive from Chino.

My plan was to drive to Calabasas, stop at a store or a gas station, and get directions to Don's street. But no one in the filling station at the turnoff exit had ever heard of the street. And there were no stores.

Calabasas was definitely affluent—upper middle class at the least. Horses grazed on the grounds of the older estates. We drove along a road until we came to a dead end at what appeared to be a riding stable. On the way back, we saw a man and a boy walking a dog. The man had never heard of the street we were looking for, but by the sound of it

he thought that it might be in a newly developed area nearby.

The boy noted my uncle's cap. He was wearing one like it.

"Did you get it at the World Series?" he asked.

My uncle shook his head, his dark face beaming. "No sir, I got this cap in Atlanta, Georgia. From Mr. Don Sutton!" He took the cap off and handed it to the boy for inspection. "You can't buy a cap like this. This is what the players wear!"

The boy examined the cap and handed it back to my uncle. "Too bad they lost," he said, perhaps not knowing what else to say.

I thanked the man and headed for a new, expensive housing development that rose high up into the hills. We drove around for 10 or 15 minutes without finding the street.

I was thinking of a way to suggest going home when my uncle pointed to a boy and girl coming down the street in our direction. They were about 10 or 11 years old.

"Pull up alongside those kids!" he cried excitedly. "They'll know where Don Sutton lives!"

I stopped reluctantly, wondering what their parents had told them about getting too close to strange men in cars.

I leaned across my uncle's lap. "Could you tell us how to get to — street?"

They exchanged glances, shaking their heads.

My uncle brushed me back. "We're looking for Don Sutton's house," he told the kids in his most kindly, avuncular drawl. "I came all the way from Atlanta, Georgia to see Mr. Sutton. You see this cap? He gave it to me."

The boy pointed up the hill and gave us directions.

"See, I knew those kids would know where Don Sutton lives!" my uncle said on the way up the hill.

Sutton's house is stately gray, trimmed in white. The garage door was raised, revealing a white 1957 Thunderbird. There was room for, maybe, two other cars. On the way up the front walk I deduced that no one was home. The curtains were drawn, two waterlogged newspapers lay at the doorstep. After the Series, Don Sutton had taken his family on a vacation to Florida, where his parents lived. It was obvious that they had not yet returned. The gardener must have left the garage door open.

Uncle Arbria rang the doorbell. As I expected, no one answered. Something had gone out of me. I suddenly felt depressed, exhausted. I had a lot of driving ahead of me.

"Well, we tried, Unc," I sighed.

He wanted to leave a note. I trudged back to the car for a pencil and paper. Since a recent stroke, his hands were a bit shaky, so I wrote as he dictated a letter to "Dear Mr. Sutton." He told Don about our unsuccessful efforts to reach him, about the lady on the phone, the security guards who wouldn't let him into the stadium during practice, Walter O'Malley, the stadium attendants, the groundkeeper who had promised to deliver our message, the celebrities who never went to regular-season games. The letter ended with the hope that he and Don would be able to see each other in Atlanta next season. It was signed "Your Friend, Mr. W. A. Johnson." I placed it in the mailbox.

We were in the street, about to get into the car, when another, desperate idea came to him. He looked up the street.

"You know, something tells me Doug Rau or some of the other boys live around here. Don and those fellows are too close not to live near each other. I'm gonna go try some of those houses up there!"

I wanted to scream that I had had it, that it was no use, that we had already wasted enough time, but I managed to hold back, knowing that if I let it out I would probably be sorry forever. Uncle Arbria had probably told everyone in Georgia he was going to visit Don. I owed it to him to try everything. I told him to go ahead. I sat in the car, watching through the rear-view mirror as he made his way up the street. He turned into a walkway four or five houses up from Don's. Someone would be surprised to find a giant, very polite old black man on their doorstep, inquiring of the whereabouts of various members of the Dodgers.

A glistening, metallic-gray Bentley eased up the street. A pale man with a fluffy Afro was behind the wheel. Don Sutton? It was Don Sutton! He threw me a curious glance as he turned into the driveway.

I rushed to the car, blurring. "My uncle's been trying to see you for three weeks! He's been calling the bull park! Trying to get through to you at the stadium! He came all the way from Atlanta, Georgia, and he's leaving tomorrow!"

continued

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BRANDY MAN

continued

Sutton took a deep breath and got out of the car. He was tall, athletically neat and trim, wearing a red golfing shirt and black dress slacks.

"He's up the street!" I continued, accusingly. "Trying to find out if any of the other players live around here!" Don's eyes brightened for an instant, then dropped to the ground, his words coming through a sad sigh. "Mr. Johnson from Atlanta, Mr. Johnson..." He turned to see my uncle hurrying down the street toward us.

Don ran to meet him and they embraced in the middle of the street, laughing and talking at the same time. Seeing that my uncle was out of breath, Don gently escorted him back to the driveway. Glowing with excitement, my uncle introduced us, telling Don how much I had wanted to meet him. We shook hands.

"I didn't know who you were," Don confessed. As he took his golf clubs out of the trunk, my uncle stepped back in admiration. "This is a mighty fine automobile, Mr. Sutton!"

Don gave me a blushing, apologetic look. "Phil, I don't know what to do with him. I tried to tell him my father is Mr. Sutton and I'm Don. I think he does that to embarrass me."

I shrugged. It wasn't really a big thing. "I call everyone Mister I think highly of," my uncle asserted. "And I think very highly of you, Mr. Sutton."

"You can't tell him anything, Don," I joked. "He's going to do what he wants."

"When you fellows get to be my age you can do like you want, too," my uncle said.

They walked to the front door, their arms around each other. I offered to carry Don's golf clubs, but he wouldn't let me. Before going into the house, I removed the letter that we had left in the mailbox.

Don Sutton's living room is very spacious and elegantly furnished in deep, rich, solid colors. The furnishings are comfortable and well spaced. Gold and silver trophies and awards going back to his Little League days are encased in a custom-made, oak wall cabinet that also holds a picture of a hatless, straight-haired Don in uniform—taken during his "pre-permanent days," he said when questioned by my uncle. Around the bar area are baseballs commemorating milestone strikeouts, shutouts, no-hitters and

the like. There were no signs of alcohol at the bar.

My uncle and Don sat on the sofa. I sat in an armchair facing them. Don was an excellent host. He talked. He listened. He seemed content with himself, interested in others. I had a Coke. My uncle asked for a glass of ice water. The conversation was polite and easy—nothing much to say, really. Everyone was just happy that what was taking place was taking place. My uncle sat comfortably with his legs crossed, his arm resting on the back of the sofa; a wise, venerable old man with a twinkle in his eye, attended by two respectful young men who appreciated him.

My uncle told Don of the frustrations he had encountered in Los Angeles. Don listened sadly, apologetically. "Mr. Johnson, if I had only known, if I had only known." Of the World Series, he said he thought the Dodgers had played good ball. They were beaten. They had nothing to be ashamed of. Nothing you could do when someone like Reggie Jackson gets hot. It had been a good Series. Good for the fans, the players. Good for baseball, good for the country. East against West. The two biggest media markets against each other.

My uncle thought some of the Dodgers had been too tense; otherwise they would have won. Don didn't disagree. When my uncle went to the bathroom, Don and I chatted. He was interested in my Sociology of Mass Communications class. He was going to Iowa in a few days to attend a series of broadcasting seminars. NBC was sending him. If things worked out, he might have a career in broadcasting ahead of him. The 1980 Olympic Games would take place in L.A., carried by NBC. I told him that he came across well on TV. He said the broadcasting opportunity had come about as a result of his visit to the Yankee dugout after the final game. He had thought it right that someone from the Dodgers go over and congratulate them. He found himself facing a camera and microphone. A couple of days later he got a call from NBC. It was that simple. He didn't know what would come of it all, of course, but he was excited. He liked to talk, he said.

"Come and talk to my Mass Communications class," I said. "You could talk about the effects of the mass media on professional sports, or something like

that. My students really would love it."

"O.K.," he said. "I'd be glad to. In fact, we're planning on driving down to San Diego around the first of December. San Diego's a nice town."

"I'm serious if you're serious. I'll have to pay you in peach brandy, though."

"You don't even have to do that," he said. "If I come down there, and I intend to, I'd be glad to talk to your class. It would be a good experience."

When Uncle Arbia returned we were discussing the effects of the mass media on sports. He let us go on for a while, then put us back on the right track.

"Now you fellows can talk all that business some other time. I'm just an old man who's come all this way to see you, and you done gone and cut me out of the conversation."

He began talking baseball. He hoped that Don wouldn't do what a lot of other good pitchers do: stay in the game after he had lost his stuff. Don assured him that he wouldn't. He figured that in a couple of years it would be time to retire. He would try something else then, maybe broadcasting.

Don's wife and kids arrived back from a shopping trip. We were introduced. She was pretty, petite, gracious. After a few words, she excused herself to make dinner. The children, a pre-school-age girl and a somewhat older boy, were dressed in new Halloween costumes. They found my uncle curious, but were in a hurry to go outside and be seen by their friends.

Don was telling us of his early years in Alabama as the son of sharecroppers. Uncle Arbia reminded him of a man who had helped raise him. The phone rang. Don asked Tommy Lasorda to guess who was sitting in his living room. It was "Mr. Johnson, the Peach Brandy Man..." That's right, all the way from Atlanta. Tommy Lasorda sent my uncle his regards.

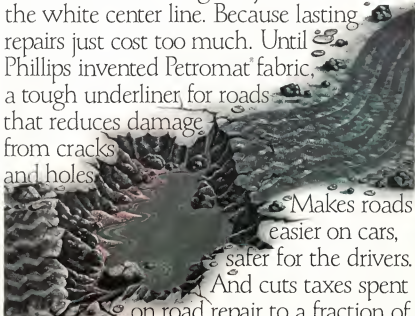
They talked baseball for a while, then my uncle looked at his watch. He knew how busy Don was and all. Didn't want to hold him up any longer. Had just dropped by to say hello. Couldn't come all the way from Georgia and not see his good friend. He had wanted me to meet the "Great Don Sutton" that I had heard so much about. Don told us that we were always welcome.

It was a pleasant, high-spirited drive back to Chino. Yes sir, Don Sutton was a fine man.

continued

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IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

BRANDY MAN

continued

Aunt Viola wanted to know how things had gone. Uncle Arbris told me to tell her. I told her that we had seen Don, and his wife and kids as well. Uncle Arbris was disappointed. Was that all I had to say? He suggested that we wash up for supper. Maybe my memory would improve if I were sitting in front of some good food.

We sat down to homemade biscuits, steak, gravy, mashed potatoes, baby lima beans and a fruit salad. I told Aunt Viola everything, beginning with a description of the rush-hour traffic. She listened attentively, her eyes shifting back and forth from me to Uncle Arbris, a smile playing about her lips. Uncle Arbris ate slowly, mostly keeping his eyes on the plate. He looked up and spoke twice—once when I related some events out of sequence, another time when I skimmed over a detail. Other than that, he was silent.

It was a long, lonely drive down the coast back to San Diego. I wondered if Don had ever been given those messages from my uncle. Mr. Johnson from Atlanta. I would never know, but Sutton was a good man. Yes sir!

When I passed the Fallbrook exit, I thought of Metzger. He probably knew everything about me. All the precautions were probably standard operating procedures for senior Klansmen. The Klan was trying to establish a new, non-violent image for itself. He would no doubt be as cordial as James Venable had been. I would learn nothing new. He and the Klan had more to gain from sitting down and talking politely with me than I from doing so with them. I would explain it all to my class.

We dealt with weighty matters in Contemporary Sociological Theories: power, authority, inequality, conflict, oppression, all the "isms." Things that were a part of but—as students sometimes complain—not exhaustive of the human condition. For the most part, they found the class interesting, but by the end of the semester they would be vaguely disappointed, nagged by the sense of there being something missing. They wanted answers that neither I nor the books they read could give. What am I to do? How shall I live my life? Though I didn't have the answers, I would tell the class about my uncle.

I never got around to setting up another appointment with Metzger. **END**



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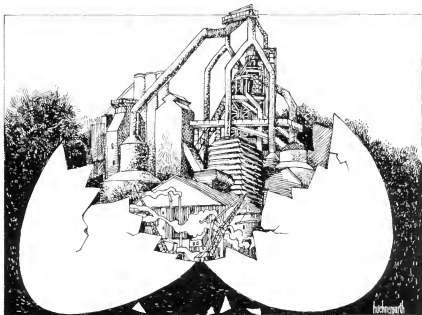
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(July 29-Aug. 4)

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

AL WEST In Texas they were calling it Rangeland, the latest in a series of blunders and cover-ups by the Ranger front office. It seems that General Manager Eddie Robinson and Owner Brad Corbett don't know all the rules. On Monday both clubs announced a trade that would send Yankee Centerfielder Mickey Rivers to Texas for three minor leaguers and a player to be named later. On Wednesday the deal became Rivers for the Rangers' top hitter, Oscar Gamble. What happened was this: Texas hadn't asked waivers on the major leaguers before announcing their names as it should have under the rules. According to Robinson, the Rangers had accepted the Yankees' word that the release of the minor-leaguers' names was O.K. But it wasn't. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn stepped in and said no deal. Subsequently Robinson was compelled to give up Gamble. In so doing he alienated the incumbent centerfielder, Al Oliver, Ranger fans and the local press and left the team in a state of confusion. "This place is a shambles," concluded Pitcher Jim Kern. To make a bad situation worse, the Rangers (3-3) were beaten on Saturday by players the front office had also traded away. Ex-Ranger Toby Harrah hit a grand slam for Cleveland, scoring Mike Hargrove and Bobby Bonds.

Other alumni who did well were Rod Carew and Dan Ford, who got seven of 14 hits for California (3-3) in a 9-3 rout of Minnesota. The Angels continued to rely on hitting, with three starting pitchers ailing. The team got eight runs for Dave Frost in his five-hit victory over Seattle, and Frost combined with Mark Clear on a six-hitter to beat the Twins 7-1.

Oakland (4-2) got five complete games and allowed just 10 runs, but two of the complete games were losses, including a three-hit, one-run heartbreaker by hard-luck Mutt Keough. Even though he suffered his 17th straight loss, Keough had an achievement of sorts; he became the first player to catch a fly ball hit off one of the speakers in the Seattle Kingdom. Floyd Bannister won that game for the Mariners (3-3), his sixth victory of the year. All were won at home: Bannister

has lost 13 consecutive games on the road. The Mariners beat the Angels twice, Mike Parrott pitching a four-hit, 8-0 shutout and equaling his career high of nine strikeouts.

After defeating Toronto twice, Kansas City (4-3) feared it had lost George Brett because of a thumb injury. But though Brett couldn't grip the ball, he could grip the bat. As the DH, he got two doubles and a single and drove in two runs to help complete a sweep of the Jays.

For most of the season, Minnesota topped the league in team batting. And then suddenly—silence. Roy Smalley, who had been the league's leading hitter with a .373 average, went 0 for 19 and dropped to .321 before ending his slump with a home run. The Twins, who had been averaging 5.3 runs a game, scored just 20 in their last 11 and dropped to third place.

It started out as just a heart-to-heart talk over lunch. Manager Don Kessinger was concerned because his White Sox had lost seven straight and he wanted to discuss what could be done about the team's lethargy. Owner Bill Veeck suggested a shake-up and that is exactly what he got. Kessinger resigned and Veeck brought up Tony LaRussa, manager of the Sox Triple A Iowa Oaks, as his replacement.

CAL 52-48 TEX 57-50 MINN 56-50 KC 54-54
CHI 47-61 SEA 47-64 OAK 32-78

AL EAST As the Yankees (3-3) mourned the death of Thurman Munson, the Orioles kept right on winning—six games against no defeats for the week, making it 15 of their last 17 (page 36).

Milwaukee (2-5) had shown signs of making a run at the Orioles. But after losing three straight to the Birds, Brewer General Manager Harry Dalton conceded that Baltimore was "Destiny's Darlings." Shaken from the sweep and minus two starting pitchers—Mike Caldwell, who had a pulled rib muscle, and Moose Haas, who had the flu—the Brewers lost two to Boston and dropped to a season-low 11 games back. Nevertheless,

they still had the third-best record in the major leagues.

Boston (4-4) Manager Don Zimmer does not have much to smile about these days. His pitching is in a state of crisis. He receives threatening phone calls and telegrams. "I guess I'm supposed to go out and pick somebody off a tree," said Zimmer. Instead, he brought up relief specialist Wilhelmus Remmerswaal. The Dutchman could put his finger in the dike if he lives up to his nickname, "Win."

Cleveland (5-2) went over 500 because of a 10-game winning streak, its longest in 13 years. When Boston finally stopped the Indians 7-4, to give new Manager Dave Garcia his first defeat, Garcia said, "I really didn't expect to win them all."

Sparky Anderson knows his Tigers (4-3) can't catch the Orioles, "but I'd sure like to catch the Yankees." Detroit was 2½ back of New York after a week in which Captain Hook shuffled pitchers back and forth from the mound to the showers, from the bullpen to the rotation and from the minors to the majors. A surprise winner was Mike Chris, 7-8 with a 5.52 ERA in the minors, who held Kansas City hitless for 6 innings in his first start. Aurelio Lopez won one game and saved two others.

It was Italian Heritage Night at Exhibition Stadium in Toronto (1-5). The bases were loaded and who should come up but Rick Bosetti. He hit a single, knocking in two runs, and the Jays picked up their first win after five straight losses, to the delight of 15,130 fans. One person who did not go home happy was new White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa, who suffered his first defeat.

BAL 74-34 BOS 65-41 MIL 66-46 NY 58-50
DET 55-52 CLEV 54-54 TOR 33-76

NL WEST It was the kind of decision that can make a manager look like a genius—or a. The Astros (6-1) and the Dodgers were tied 3-3 in the bottom of the ninth, Houston batting, with the pitcher scheduled to hit. A pinch hitter comes in, right? Wrong. Manager Bill Virdon let J. R. Richard—be of the .123 average—but

continued

for himself. After all, the Dodgers had not beaten J.R. in nine straight games going back to 1976, and he was cruising along with a five-batter. Richard made Virdon look good when he hit a high chopper to second and beat it out. Cesar Cedeno followed with a triple to right, scoring Richard, who had never run so fast, to give him his ninth win of the year. He picked up the 10th against Atlanta Friday, equalling a career-high 15 strikeouts to bring his major league-leading total to 197.

In 1976, while he was with a Reds farm team, Ray Knight borrowed one of slugger George Foster's "Black Beauties," a 35-ounce, ebony-colored bat. He used it to hit nine homers in a month. Last week he borrowed the magic wand again. On Sunday he hit a homer and two doubles and drove in five runs for the Reds (4-2). On Monday he hit two homers and had three RBIs. And then he ordered a dozen Black Beauties of his own. For the week he batted .440, with 16 RBIs, to raise his average to .314.

San Francisco (2-4) started the week 8½ games behind Houston. Jack Clark got a two-run homer to help John Montefusco defeat the Padres for the first time since 1977. The following night Bob Knepper allowed just five hits in an 8-0 win over the Astros, who committed a team-record seven errors. But then, calamity. In four losses to Houston and L.A., the Giants used 16 pitchers. At week's end they were 12 games back.

Rollie Fingers of San Diego (2-4) was the league's leading reliever the last two years but this season is an altogether different story. Last week he gave up five runs on four hits, and his ERA soared to 4.26. Dave Winfield is convinced he is the best player in the league and he is doing his best to prove it. The right-fielder hit .423 to move into the league batting lead with a .338 average for the season. He had five hits in one game for the first time in his career. Three of those came off Phil Niekro of Atlanta (2-5). Phil's knuckleball refused to knuckle, and instead of gaining his 15th win he suffered his 13th defeat. He lost again, to Houston, tying Walter Johnson's 1914 record of four wild pitches in one inning, and finishing with six for the day.

Although they played .500 ball, the Dodgers (3-3) dropped 2½ games further back. Much of the blame for the decline of L.A. can be charged to the bull-

pen, which has saved just 16 games and has a horrendous 4.63 ERA. Three pitchers—Doug Rau, Andy Messersmith and Lerrin LaGrow—were on the disabled list and two others—Terry Forster and Bobby Welch—probably should be. With the score tied 3-3 in the bottom of the 11th and two men on, Manny Mota came in as a pinch hitter against San Francisco. He drilled the ball into left to score the winning run. That was his 143rd career pinch hit, one fewer than Smokey Burgess' major league record.

**HOU 65-47 CIN 60-52 SF 52-58
SD 50-62 LA 47-62 ATL 45-66**

NL EAST The morning after his Expos (6-2) lost three straight to the Pirates to fall out of the lead for the first time in a month and a half, Manager Dick Williams canceled batting practice and called a meeting of his players. "I told them to concentrate on execution. That's what got us here," he said. After the manager and his coaches left, the players remained in the clubhouse for a rap session. "We just wanted to get our enthusiasm back, to come together as a team," said Outfielder Warren Cromartie. The Expos took the field and scored four runs in the first inning to beat the Pirates 5-3 and regain first place. The entire team seemed inspired. Ellis Valentine hit two home runs to beat St. Louis 5-1. Rudy May pitched a three-hit, eight-strikeout shutout in his first start of the season. Rodney Scott slugged a two-run homer in the 12th inning to win the first of two games from Chicago, and Andre Dawson drove in four runs on four hits to help beat New York 10-6. Ellis Valentine hit .375 during the week, drove in six runs, scored six, stole two bases and went from first to home on a stolen base and an error. "Our next meeting will be before the playoffs," said Cromartie.

The Pirates (5-3) didn't need a meeting. They were whooping it up in the clubhouse as usual and having fun playing baseball. They split two-game series with the Mets and the Cardinals and then took three from the Phillies. John Candelaria shut out the Phils on five hits despite suffering a back injury in an automobile accident early in the week, and Shortstop Tim Lincecum stroked his 1,000th base hit. "After I hit it, Pete Rose got the ball and gave it to me," said Foli. "I was almost embarrassed to take it from

him." With good reason. Later in the game, Rose lashed his 2,426th career single, tying Honus Wagner's alltime National League record.

The Phillies (4-5) continued to be plagued with injuries. Garry Maddox bruised his ankle, Bob Boone bruised his hand, Randy Lerch hurt his thumb and Dickie Noles was hit on his left elbow by a batting-practice line drive off the bat of Greg Luzinski. "I've never seen so many ice bags in one clubhouse," said Luzinski. After losing a doubleheader to the Pirates, Manager Danny Ozark said, "The sky hasn't fallen on us yet. There are still 54 games left. We may win all 54." After losing again the next day, the Phillies were shooting for 53.

The Cardinals (3-5) don't travel well. Well into the most important road trip of the season, a 14-day journey in which they would play every other NL East team, they encountered engine trouble, rain delays, a customs delay and striking

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

OMAR MORENO: The Pirate centerfielder stole five bases and batted .406 with 13 hits—two in three triples—and scored 10 runs. Moreno leads the National League in stolen bases with 48 and is second in triples with 11.

airline-service personnel. By the time the Redbirds had gone from Philadelphia to Montreal to Pittsburgh to Chicago—all in one week—they were exhausted and looking forward to getting back to their nest.

The Cubs (2-5) also had a disastrous road trip. They lost five straight—to New York, Philadelphia and Montreal—and were glad to go home to Wrigley Field, where Dave Kingman got his second home run of the week to bring his total to 37 and Bruce Sutter picked up his 24th and 25th saves.

Things were finally looking up for the Mets (4-4). Kevin Kobel and Ed Glynn combined for a two-hit shutout of the Cubs. Neil Allen protected two one-run leads in three days, first in a 2-1 victory over Philadelphia, then a 3-2 win over Montreal. The second save gave Craig Swan a career-high 10th win and enabled the Mets to beat the Expos for the first time this year.

**MONT 60-44 PIT 61-46 CH 58-48
PHIL 56-63 ST. L. 52-62 NY 45-59**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 30-Aug. 5

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

BOXING—PINO GUZMAN of Mexico retained his WBA welterweight title, winning a unanimous decision over Randy Stalder of North Hollywood in Chicago.

ERNESTO ESPANA of Venezuela retained his WBA lightweight championship in Chicago with a 10th round technical knockout of Johnny Lirio of Chicago.

DOLE—DAVID GRAHAM made a seven-foot push on the title belt of a plaintiff to defeat Ben Cline and won the IFLA tournament at Birmingham, Mich. (page 62).

NANCY KOPEZ shot a final round one-over 70 for a total of 282, 14 under par, to win the 1979-80 LPGA European Open.

HARNESS RACING—NATHANUS (55) driven by Clint Kaufman won the \$602,750 Woodward-Warren St. at the Meadowlands, the richest harness or thoroughbred race ever held, by one length over Wilamo. The colt's time, 1:55, was a track record for 2-year-olds.

ABERCROMBIE (57-20), driven by Gary Gurney, won the Ladies title at the start of the sport in winning the \$20,000 U.S. Pacing Championship at the Meadowlands. The 3-year-old, who defeated Ty Scotch by three-quarters of a length, was clocked in 1:37, 1/2 of 2 seconds later than the record established in 1977 by Warm Blood.

HAPPY MOTORING (57-20), BE Peugeot, drove the \$750,000 Montecarlo Classic Pace by a nose over Happy Shanon. The 3-year-old colt was 1:57 1/2.

HORSE RACING—COASTAL (63-11), ridden by Ruben Hernandez, won the \$100,000 Monaghan Invitational at Monmouth by three lengths over Seelye Growth. The 3-year-old was timed in 1:40 1/2 for the mile and an eighth.

STAR DE NASKRA (34-21), Jeffrey Bell, up, won the \$100,000 Whitney Stakes at Saratoga by three lengths over a length over C-Judge. The 4-year-old mare was clocked in 1:43 1/2 for the mile and an eighth.

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBOROUGH, averaging 114.9 mph, in his Chevrolet on the 2 1/2-mile Pocono Raceway oval, won the Pocono 500 by one second over Richard Petty, also a Chevy.

DARRELL WALKER, averaging 161.2 mph in his Oldsmobile, won the \$231,000 Talladega (A1) 500 by 67 seconds over David Pearson, in an Oldsmobile.

SOCCER—NAMI, The Cosmos clinched their second straight national Conference Eastern Division championship, as well as the home-field advantage for all their playoff games, with a 2-1 victory over Los Angeles in Pasadena, but came off the field more as prehistoric than joyous. The cosmos had to do with the physical condition of Giorgio Chinaglia, the league's leading scorer with 55 points, who became his opponent with 14:20 to play. His injury overshadowed Rocky Davis' two goals and Vladimir Borgego's goal and assist. Trevor Rife was another club with reason to worry. The Rowdies lost two trophies, to Washington 3-1 on Bobby Stiles' last kick, and to Dallas 2-1 at Tampa. The loss to Dallas was only the Rowdies' second in 13 home games and was highlighted by an outburst by Coach Gordon Jago, who protested an offside call that nullified what would have been the tying goal for Tampa. The Rowdies' loss at the American Conference East shrunk to nine points over second-place Fort Lauderdale. The Strikers lost to Rochester 2-1, but beat New York City 1-0 in Boston. Greg Walker had a last kick for the Strikers, including the game winner at 82:23. It was announced that Rodney Marsh, the Rowdies' midfielder, would retire after a 11-year career in England and the NASL. With the underdog team on securing the American Conference's home field advantage, Houston lost at Detroit 4-2 in Tropicana. France scored a pair of goals for the European but beat Edmonton 4-3 in a shootout. National Conference Central champion Minnesota lost to ASC West over Division leader Vancouver 3-2, on a Bob Lonsdale goal at 23:36. But the Whippersnappers, who need no points to clinch the division title, lost to second-place Los Angeles 2-0, with John Gray and Chris Bangerfield scoring for the Astors. Chicago clinched second place behind Houston in the ASC Central with a 2-1 overtime defeat of Jupiter, Memphis.

afterwards, extended to lead in the ASC West 1-0 (10 points) over San Diego. The Surf beat San Jose 1-0, 7-0 in San Jose and 4-0 at California, while San Diego defeated Philadelphia 7-1 and lost to Seattle 2-0.

ASC—Los Angeles defeated Sacramento 3-0 in Los Angeles to move into second place in the Western Division. Mul Roche scored a pair of goals for the Mayhem, who took first-place California by 54 points. Los Vegas dropped three straight and manager Gary hopes a bad of securing a playoff berth soon. East Division leader Columbus beat the Seattle 2-1 on a goal by Dan Mennenga at 18:20 in a game in which it lost two goals, Claude Mouch (stranded right knee) and Memo Drogomirov (separated left shoulder) were injured. Las Vegas also lost to New Jersey 3-1. Pennsylvania defeated the Seattle 2-0 as the Steelers scored on the final Eastern Division playoff spot. The Lady Dorochev beat the New York Apollo 3-2 in double overtime, with Cole McLachlin giving the game winner. The Apollo's John Morris had the match with a goal with 10 seconds left in regulation.

SPARTAKIAD—In the weight-lifting competition in Leningrad, SERGEI ARAKELOV of the Soviet Union, competing in the 245-pound class, won the gold medal record in the snatch with a lift of 409 pounds, a pound more than the mark set by Valentin Khronov of Bulgaria in 1978.

SWIMMING—MARCUS HOOPER, a 12-year-old from London, became the youngest to swim the English Channel, crossing from Dover to Cap Gris-Nez in 14 hours, 37 minutes. Hooper is three months younger than Kevin Anderson of South Africa, who 24 years earlier swam the Channel in 12 hours, 35 minutes.

TENNIS—JOHN ALEXANDER was declared the winner of the \$175,000 Louisiana International Classic when he defeated his opponent on the final, Terry Moor of Memphis to retire in the third set.

TRACY AUSTIN defeated Marina Nassestova 6-4 6-2 to win a \$75,000 tournament in San Diego.

HAROLD SOLORHORN defeated Jose Riquelme 5-7, 6-4, 7-6 to win the \$675,000 Grand Prix tournament in Conway, N.H.

TRACK & FIELD—At the European Cup meet in Turin, MARITA KOCH of East Germany established a world record of 48.60 in the women's 400-meter run, 38 of a second faster than the mark set last week in Potsdam. The East German women's 4x100-meter relay team equalled the world record at that event in 42.49.

VOLLEYBALL—IVA. In a match that might have been a preview of the league final, Continental Division champion Denver defeated Santa Barbara, the Western Division leader, in five games before 6:05 in Denver's Anderson Arena. It was the IVA's largest crowd of the season and the second largest in its history. Denver also beat San Luis and Albuquerque on the road but lost in five games at Tucson. The victory was the Sky's fifth in seven matches with Denver this season, and kept them a game and a half in front of Salt Lake, which had won over San Jose and Anaheim in the race for the last Continental Division playoff berth. Santa Barbara also lost to the Dukes in four games at San Jose, while the Dukes beat the Seattle in four. Seattle, which is assured of second place in the West, beat San Jose in five games but lost to Salt Lake in five.

MANIFESTO—REIGNING DON KESSINGER, 31, a manager of the Chicago White Sox manager, who previously served as a player, had a 47-48 record in his first season as a manager, and in a reserve role as hitting 200. TONY LA RUSSA, 34, manager of the White Sox Triple A team in El Paso, was named interim manager.

SOLD—For \$12 million by the family of Joseph Hefner, the BALTIMORE ORIOLES in Washington attorney and Washington Redskins President Edward Bennett Williams.

TRADED By the New York Yankees, centerfielder MICKEY RIVERS, 30, and three major league players, to the Texas Rangers. Catcher HENRY OSA-GAMBLE, 31, and three minor-league players were trading 200 this season and Gamble, 315.

DIED THURMAN MUNSON, 37, catcher and captain of the New York Yankees, in the crash of his private jet at the Altamonte airport, Nassau, an Altamonte crash at New York City on the morning of 1959. In 1970, his first ball season, he hit .302 and was named American League Rookie of the Year. He won the MVP award in 1971, and was named to the All-Star team seven times. In 11 seasons with New York he hit .282 with 117 home runs and 701 RBIs.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CARLA SUE GARRETT
Nashville, Tenn.

Carla Sue, 11, whose father, Carl, was a running back with Oakland, New England and Chicago in nine seasons, put the six-foot-tall 4' 5" in the Girls National Age Group meet in Los Angeles to establish a record in the 10-10-17 age group.



BYRON COLEMAN
Bryn Mawr, Penn.

Bryan, a 12-year-old first baseman, averaged 645 (including a league-leading .713 on base), hit 14 home runs and had 125 RBIs in leading the Bryans of the Bryans League to a three-year record of 47-12, including two championships.



CHARLES BAUMANN
Madison, Wis.

Charles, 14, became the youngest champion in the junior division (17 and under) at the National Left-Handed Golfers Association tournament. He shot a total of 331 at Madison, Wis., one shot better than Scott Burkman of Cleveland, Tenn.



DEBBIE BOWMAN
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Debbie, now 16, competing in the Big and Little Summer Doubles League, established a National Youth Dartsch Association record for boys and girls (13 to 15 years old) with a 241 game, which included seven strikes. Five of them in a row.



JAY WHITEHEAD
San Francisco

Jay, 17, a freshman at City College of San Francisco, defeated Alan DeCicco of Cincinnati in the final match to win the U.S. Junior Open Chess Championship in East Lansing, Mich. He had seven wins and one draw in a five-day competition.



HEATHER HARSTON
Trenton, Ohio

Heather, 14, seeded 14th in a field of 128, upset second-seeded Amy Holton of Kettering, Ohio in the semifinals, then defeated sixth-seeded Amy Lagasse of Malibu, Calif. 6-2, 7-5 to win the National Girls 14 years title in Greensboro, N.C.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ENERGY VS. THE ENVIRONMENT

Sir

I greatly appreciate the environmental concern you have demonstrated in recent issues, especially as concerns evidence published in *SCORECARD* with regard to PCBs in fish (July 16) and "synfuels" (July 30). Information such as this can usually be found only in Audubon Society and Sierra Club publications, which have not only smaller circulation but also less diversified readership.

G. TURNER HOWARD III
Berrien Springs, Mich.

Sir

As a charter subscriber, I've enjoyed many of your editorials, but the one in your July 30 issue is superb. Possibly the timeless in 25 years. It should be required reading for every member of Congress and all those in the White House.

E. C. MACAULAY
Lafayette, Calif.

Sir

The Energy Project at the Harvard Business School—and others—found development of synthetic fuels to be a far less promising course than increased conservation and greater reliance on solar energy. Why then doesn't the President or Congress advocate a full-scale conservation program and simultaneous full-scale switch to solar power? Probably because it is easier to "cut through the red tape" than to make the tough decisions.

While politicians promise more and more, less and less is accomplished; thus, thank you, SI, for having the courage to face the issues and advocate the correct course of action. Let us hope that the leaders of this country will for once stop thinking of themselves and electoral victory and do what is right for us and best for the world. And do it quickly, because the Soviet leaders do not appear to spend much time worrying about electoral defeat.

GEORGE EDWARD FORTADO
North Providence, R.I.

Sir

Shall we be held up by the nations from which we are getting our oil or shall we use the resources we have in abundance to produce our own energy? I have taken into consideration all the objections you raised. But you do not take into consideration that where we have used our coal, etc., there has been no permanent damage to any state. The places from which coal has been strip-mined have been covered with new grass and look as good as ever. As to the effects on individuals, that is pure speculation.

I have lived in Utah and appreciate the beauties of the mountains as much as anyone

can. The real question is shall we be victims of the oil bandits, or use the materials nature has given us?

GEORGE CALDWELL
Brunswick, Ga.

Sir

Do you want us to be so short on energy that we have to cancel all sports events? That is the message I get from your wanting to let our great coal resources waste while the nation suffers.

GLENN KREUSCHER
Lincoln, Neb.

Sir

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was off base in its editorial opposing the President's synthetic fuels program. As the President said, the country is being seriously hurt by special-interest groups with narrow views, such as the one you expressed in your July 30 editorial.

Stay on your base, SI, and keep your eye on the ball. The President knows a lot more about our critical energy problem and its effect on the environment than you do.

GEORGE T. HERRY
Atlanta

Sir

Level Colorado to extract oil from its shale and salinate its rivers? Despoil Montana's and Wyoming's coal-bearing mountains and foothills and expose people to carcinogens from synfuel plants? Override the sovereignty of these Rocky Mountain states with an Energy Mobilization Board?

Let's tell President Carter we don't buy it—not a Rocky Mountain desert of the magnitude he proposes.

Instead, we'll all make smaller sacrifices. Millions of us will become students of the ways of conservation until renewable alternative energy sources (wind, solar, hydro) can fill our needs. We'll walk the golf course and let the electric carts rest in the pro shop; we'll roller skate to the tennis courts; we'll shake our chest from a reusable bottle; we'll build a backyard clothesline and let the sun do the drying. We'll learn hundreds of ways to conserve and still have all of America to enjoy.

Congratulations, SI. You may have started the conservation war that saved the Rocky Mountains.

GENIE MAY GARFIELD
Forsyth, Mont.

Sir

To think that our executive leader finds it imperative to put the preservation of a healthy environment in the backseat to the nation's quest for energy is appalling. Granted, our need to develop alternative energy sources is critical, but what good is it to have fuel for

our automobiles and industry if we can't drink the water or breathe the air? The development of our energy resources should continue with the utmost consideration given to the timing of the deterioration of this country's environment.

THOMAS C. FARRELL
Huntington Beach, Calif.

COE'S MILE

Sir

According to the article in your July 30 issue on the Guinness Book of World Records (*There's Music in the Where*), Roger Bannister's feat of breaking the four-minute barrier in the mile played a "critical role in steering the McWherters into the world-record business." The cover of that same July 30 issue was a photograph of Sebastian Coe, who smashed the mile record. What a coincidence!

AUDREY PARKER
Panama City, Fla.

Sir

Watching and then reading about Sebastian Coe's 3:49 mile performance burns the fat right out of the mind. Never before have I had so strong an impression of the exalting power of the will. Kenny Moore beautifully seized the moment (*A Glimmering Run in a Golden Mile*, July 30).

MATTHEW LAUTER
Bronx, N.Y.

Sir

Do I need glasses? Did John Walker finish sixth in the Oslo mile in 3:52.9? The quality of the race is still hard to believe.

RICK SARTON
DeKalb, Ill.

Sir

I hope I'm not the only reader who noticed that new mile-record man Sebastian Coe looks like a younger version of venerable Beantown slugger Carl Yastrzemski.

If Sebastian is able to get as much distance out of his abilities as Yaz has gotten out of his, I believe he will ultimately lower the mile standard to 3:45.

JOHN QUINLAN
North Andover, Mass.

BOSTON'S FATE

Sir

Congratulations to Larry Keith for his terrific article on the Red Sox (*Hoping for the Best, Expecting the Worst*, July 30). He's one of the few writers who hit the story of the Red Sox right on the button. They've consistently played better than 90% of all the teams in the major leagues but have fallen victim to being in the toughest division, the American League East.

continued

Do you make these 10 common typewriter mistakes?



Most people make their fair share of typing mistakes. But the biggest mistake you can make is buying the wrong typewriter in the first place. There are ten things you should check out. They can help you avoid making these ten typewriter mistakes.

Check out the correction system. There are several typewriter correction systems, but they don't all work equally well.

This Smith-Corona® electric portable has a unique cartridge ribbon and correction system that lets you change ribbons in seconds without touching the ribbon. It also lets you correct typing errors quickly, neatly and easily.

Test the feel. Are the slope and height of the keyboard comfortable? The size and shape of the keys?

While you're about it, compare the feel of a Smith-Corona electric typewriter against others—we welcome head-on comparison.

Try the touch. A responsive touch makes for easier typing. You want a touch that is prompt, easy and dependable. For instance, note how smoothly the Smith-Corona performs functions such as carriage return and back-space.

Listen to the sound. Believe it or not, a typewriter has a sound of its own. If it sounds tinny, beware. It may indicate that the typewriter's construction is too light.

Note the look of the type. Lines and individual letters should be straight. The impression should be crisp, clean and even. The print quality should not vary over the page.

Consider the overall design. You want a typewriter that looks contemporary but not eccentric. Smith-Corona, for instance, is an example of classic good design you'll live happily with for years.

Look at the carrying case. Does it have double walls for air-cushioned protection? Sturdy latches and hinges? The case for this typewriter does.

Compare prices. A typewriter that sells for a lot less than others might be a lot less typewriter. Where price difference is minimal, you probably should go for the one that tests best.

Ask who makes it. Smith-Corona makes every typewriter that bears its name—which is not true of most other brands.

So consider the maker's reputation. A company with a solid reputation will still be around tomorrow and in the future to give your typewriter necessary service and maintenance.

Try the Smith-Corona carbon film ribbon. We offer a re-usable nylon fabric ribbon, good for ordinary typing jobs. This is the only kind most portables offer. But we also offer carbon film ribbon in five colors. It's the same kind of ribbon that the most expensive office typewriters use, and it's perfect for jobs requiring a crisp professional look such as term papers or a resume.

Once you've made these ten typewriter tests, we'll think you'll know why more people prefer Smith-Corona electric portable typewriters than all other brands combined.

Patented
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Yes, Boston fans' disappointments have been many and heartbreaking, but the Sox are the most exciting team to watch.

NICK OSNEMBO
Centerville, Mass.

Sir:

The article reminded me of a good pal of mine whom I met in the Air Force. He always said, "Them damn Red Sox always die at the end!" That's why I love the Detroit Tigers. They never give us false hopes. They collapse at the start.

JERRY YOTT
Burl, Mich.

Sir:

The Red Sox are a great team and would win any other division, but Sox fans are going to have to wait another year or more because the Orioles are No. 1 again.

JIM McDONALD
Louisville

Sir:

Larry Keith's article on the plight of the Red Sox was right on target. However, the statement about Boston fans probably caring more about their team than any other partisans in baseball is controversial.

Just take a look over the fence in the National League. There you find the Chicago Cubs and, more specifically, the fans at Wrigley Field. There is a kinship and closeness among Cub fans that is unmatched in baseball. They come out at the rate of about 1.5 million a year, despite having all day games, having all home games televised, having another major league team a few miles south and having a .497 winning percentage over the last 10½ years.

JAY HONECK
Redding, Conn.

PITTSBURGH'S SYMBOL

Sir:

When Myron Cope first introduced the Terrible Towel to Pittsburgh football fans, I laughed (*True Tales of the Terrible Towel*, July 30). Honestly, a rectangular strip of terry cloth acting as a secret generator for the Steeler players? Ha! Besides, its inventor was the guy who gave us the song, *Deck the Bronco*. They're just Yonks! But after seeing the Terrible Towel perform miracles, I finally escorted one to the Steeler-Bronco playoff game last year. Now I'm a believer. The Towel may not get in NFL history books, but it will remain in the eager hands of Steeler fans poised to strike. Long live the Towel!

TODD ALTERICI
Menomongahela, Pa.

Sir:

Just last night a Terrible Towel whispered in my ear that the Steelers were going all the way in Super Bowl XIV.

TEK HUGHES
Butler, Pa.

Sir:

Being a devotee of and a believer in the Terrible Towel and all of its mystical powers, I

was interested to read that Myron Cope's criterion for a vehicle to stir up the enthusiasm of Steeler fans was that it be a readily available household item. It boggles the mind to think of how close we came to carrying about a Wicked Washcloth, a Sinister Stocking, a Perilous Pillow, a Nefarious Napkin or even a Cunning Curtain.

CAROLYN LEHR
Monroeville, Pa.

Sir:

Just to rock any cynics who may remain after Myron Cope's superlative tale of the Terrible Towel, here's another success story. Redesignated as the Wicked Washcloth and officially recognized by the administration of Franklin Regional High School (Murrysville, Pa.), the Franklin takeoff on the Steeler towel helped the girls' basketball Pantherettes win the Pennsylvania state AAA championship, capping a 30-2 season. Winning nine playoff games by an average of 21 points, the Pantherettes and the Wicked Washcloth brought the crown to the western part of the state, home of the Terrible Towel, for the first time since statewide competition began. This towel business is no joke!

DAVID A. CAREFANG
Delmont, Pa.

Sir:

The Terrible Towel has indeed been a driving force behind the Steelers. However, it takes more than gimmicks to bring home Super Bowl victories. In the past few years the Steelers have definitely been the superior squad in football. It's a shame fans may remember the Steelers for their Terrible Towel and not for their three Super Bowl victories in five years.

MARK FLEISNER
Pittsburgh

I NOMINATE...

Sir:

At the age of 23, Bjorn Borg is well on his way to becoming the greatest tennis player of all time. "The Angelic Assassin" has already accomplished more than most players ever dream about. Aside from winning his fourth consecutive All-England Championship, he is once again halfway to the Grand Slam—a feat he missed by a blister in 1978. Consider this an early vote for 1979 Sportsman of the Year.

RON WARREN
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:

It might be premature to nominate candidates for SI's 1979 Sportsman. However, it appears that the scene is being set for a storybook candidate. Consider the facts. In 1979 this man will get his 3,000th career base hit. Already this season he has smashed his 400th home run and joined the top 10 baseball greats in doubles, games played and appearances at the plate. He has gotten a free pass to first base more often than all but four other players in major league baseball history.

continued

Credits

6—Mark Kautzman; 27—John Iacono; 36-37—Dino Balotti; 38-39—John Iacono; 42—Dino Balotti; 43—John Iacono; 44—Dino Balotti; 45—Dino Balotti; 46-47—Dino Balotti; 48—Dino Balotti; 49—Dino Balotti; 50—Dino Balotti; 51—Dino Balotti; 52—Dino Balotti; 53—Dino Balotti; 54—Dino Balotti; 55—Dino Balotti; 56—Dino Balotti; 57—Dino Balotti; 58—Dino Balotti; 59—Dino Balotti; 60—Dino Balotti; 61—Dino Balotti; 62—Dino Balotti; 63—Dino Balotti; 64—Dino Balotti; 65—Dino Balotti; 66—Dino Balotti; 67—Dino Balotti; 68—Dino Balotti; 69—Dino Balotti; 70—Dino Balotti; 71—Dino Balotti; 72—Dino Balotti; 73—Dino Balotti; 74—Dino Balotti; 75—Dino Balotti; 76—Dino Balotti; 77—Dino Balotti; 78—Dino Balotti; 79—Dino Balotti; 80—Dino Balotti; 81—Dino Balotti; 82—Dino Balotti; 83—Dino Balotti; 84—Dino Balotti; 85—Dino Balotti; 86—Dino Balotti; 87—Dino Balotti; 88—Dino Balotti; 89—Dino Balotti; 90—Dino Balotti; 91—Dino Balotti; 92—Dino Balotti; 93—Dino Balotti; 94—Dino Balotti; 95—Dino Balotti; 96—Dino Balotti; 97—Dino Balotti; 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19TH HOLE continued

sides the personal accolades and records he will gather during the current season, he will celebrate his 40th birthday and strive by example to lead his teammates to an elusive world championship.

Regardless of his team's plight, for his 19 years of service, for his determination, hustle and leadership and for his place in the record books as an alltime great, let us consider baseball and Boston's Carl Yastrzemski for Sportsman of the Year.

MICHAEL F. FERRIS
Glastonbury, Conn.

♦ If Yaz makes it, he'll be a repeater. He was the Sportsman for 1967.—ED

PRO CONN

Sir:

It was with sadness that I read in *THE RECORD* (July 9) of the death of Conn McCreary. At a time when the most renowned jockeys were Arcaro, Longden and Adkisson, McCreary was my favorite. This may have been because of his come-from-behind style or his ability to get the most out of horses that weren't all that good. His way of riding caused Arcaro to paraphrase an old saying: "Never look behind because McCreary might be gaining."

You mentioned two Kentucky Derby winners ridden by McCreary. On Pensive, Conn won the first two legs of the Triple Crown and ran a close second in the Belmont. The other Derby winner was Count Turf, not the great Count Fleet, as you indicated. Count Turf paid something like \$31. The best horse Conn rode was Stymie, the great handicapper horse.

It is a shame that the only time Conn McCreary's name was heard recently was on the occasion of his death.

ANTHONY J. MORAN
Hamilton Square, N.J.

KIDS

Sir:

Deliver us from Andrea Jaeger (*Brace Yourself, Tracy*, July 9), another athlete in the news who would "rather be a bad winner than a good loser."

DAN G. KENT
Pineview, Texas

Sir:

Of the two, I think Tracy is cuter, but then again, I always did go for older women.

DAVID MARK
Elkhart, Ind.

MOOSE ON THE LOOSE

Sir:

Re Bill Gilbert's story (*Goat*, South, June 11), how's that moose doing?

MARY K. HARRIMAN
Glendale, Wis.

♦ Just mooseying about.—ED.

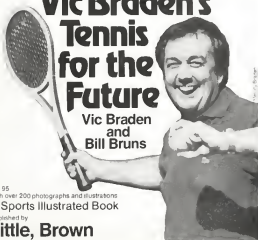
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Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:
10 Carlton have less
tar than 1:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar
and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.



Less
than
1 mg.
tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



Only
5 mg.
tar,
0.5 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine,
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78. 100 min-5 mg
"tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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